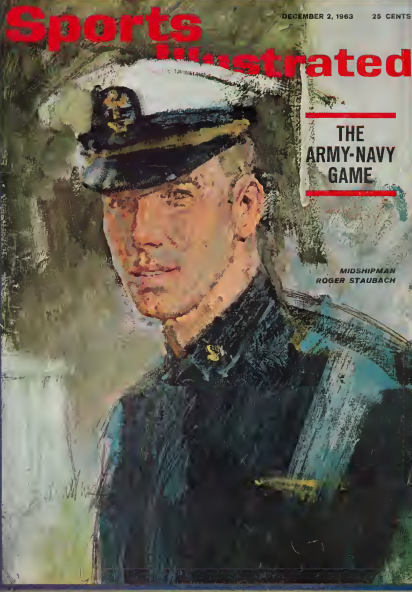


Sports Illustrated



DECEMBER 2, 1963

25 CENTS

THE ARMY-NAVY GAME

MIDSHIPMAN
ROGER STAUBACH



MERCURY . . . THE CAR THAT MADE THE STATION WAGON BEAUTIFUL

At one time you had to sacrifice beauty to gain the extra room in a wagon. Over the years, Mercury led the way in changing that. The room was kept, in fact increased (now 99.2 cu. ft. — just about the biggest there is). But Mercury knew that with most owners the station wagon is their only car. It has to do triple duty... as a family car, a "dress-up" car, and a cargo carrier. Mercury made it beautiful... luxurious inside. Just how beautiful you can see in the picture above. LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION  MOTOR COMPANY  **MERCURY . . . The Wagon Specialist**

new Arpege Natural Spray makes the aerosols passé ...it's all fragrance!



So why pay for artificial "gas"?

Almost all fragrance sprays look alike and work alike. You press a little valve—and *poof!* Out comes a mist of fragrance. But there's a big difference in the mist from new Arpege Natural Spray. It's *all* fragrance!

Aerosol sprays are almost half artificial "gas", needed to create the pressure that disperses the fragrance. Did you know that? That's why they use up so fast.

The only pressure you need to disperse Arpege Natural Spray is your own fingertip. Press the valve—and *poof!* Every finely diffused droplet that comes out is all Eau de Lanvin—*nothing but pure fragrance*. Not one penny of what you pay goes for artificial ingredients.

No wonder Arpege Natural Spray lasts long after aerosol fragrances have been used up. No wonder Lanvin dares to bring it to you in a crystal clear flacon, so you can see exactly what you're paying for. Won't leak, won't spill—but it will refill. From your own cherished bottle of any Eau de Lanvin fragrance.

2 1/2 oz. \$5
FL. OZ. 150 ml.

This Christmas...

Promise her anything but give her Arpege

LANVIN





Left: Pump action rifle Model 270, \$55.99. Center: Lever action rifle Model 250, \$56.99. Right: Semi-automatic rifle Model 230, \$52.95.

If wishes were Winchesters...

Remember the days when gun stores were heated by pot-bellied stoves and smelled of boots and wet dogs? And when boys kept asking "how much is that 22?"

And pinned their Christmas list to the fireplace mantle and dreamed of owning their first Winchester?

Most of these things have changed.

Gun stores smell better and you don't have to step over hunting dogs.

But you can rest assured that real boys still start their wish lists off with "A Winchester."

Only one thing can re-create the thrill you felt when you finally got your first Winchester... giving your boy his first Winchester.

SPECIFICATIONS

Magazine Capacity: 21 Short, 17 Long, and 15 Long Rifle cartridges interchangeably.
Sights - Rear: Square notch, adjustable for elevation and windage. Front: Square post on streamline ramp. Receiver - Grooved for tip-off scope mounts. Bolt - Engine turned. Barrel: 20 1/2"; 1 turn in 16" - right hand twist. Overall Length: 39". Stock Dimensions: Pull - 13 1/4", drop at comb 1 1/4", drop at heel 2 1/4". Weight: 5 lbs., approximate.

WINCHESTER Olin
WINCHESTER WESTERN DIVISION

Contents

DECEMBER 2, 1963 Volume 19, Number 23

Color printing by Frank Mullins

20 The President Who Loved Sport

More than any President in generations, John F. Kennedy made the nation conscious of its need for forest

22 Young Team with a Mission

A group of skiers, whose vigor and dedication are the embodiment of President Kennedy's ideal, heads for Europe

28 The Lavish GANEFO Snafu

Indonesia's President Sukarno put on an athletic spectacular that ended in spectacular chaos

32 A Setting for Greatness

No matter what happens in the Army-Navy rivalry, Michiganian Roger Staubach is a standout

38 Hard Look at Football

This year's Silver Anniversary award winners compare the present game with the one they played 25 years ago

46 The Miniature McCoy

The best sporting gear now made in girl-out-boy size is presented, in color, as a Christmas-gift portfolio

52 The Game That Made Millions

Invented to while away Depression-era hours, Monopoly has now tested would-be capitalists for 30 years

76 Spirit, Mind, Body

This is the spirit of Springfield, the remarkable college that has contributed more to sport than any other school

The departments

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 13 Scorecard | 75 Bridge |
| 60 Football's Week | 93 For the Record |
| 64 Pro Football | 94 19th Hole |
| 72 Hockey | |



22



28



38



46



52



76



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, except one issue a year sold. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each U.S. and Canadian subscription: \$7.00 a year. This issue published in national and overseas editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or labeled for as follows: eastern, EW1-EW4; E1-E4 and western, EW1-EW4, W1-W4.

Advertisements on page 93

Next week

COLLEGE BASKETBALL bonuses in next week, and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's annual Special Issue includes a selection of the 20 best teams that will surprise most fans and many who fancy themselves experts. Readers will get a revealing insight into the mad chase that basketball recruiting has become. Four top coaches permitted reporters to accompany them on recruiting missions, and John Underwood tells their stories. Former Kentucky All-American Frank Ramsey describes the tricky tactics that make him a master of deceptive play as a pro. All the pro and college football news and our regular departments round out a bonus package.

Managing Editor: Andre Laguerre
 Assistant Managing Editor: Richard W. Johnson,
 John Tabor

Art Director: Richard Gagliardi

Senior Editors: Eric Brown, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur
 J. Bradley, Robert Caldwell, Ray C. Cox, Robert
 Conner, Andrew Crutcher, Roger S. Brown, Gerald
 Holland, Maria Kane, Hamilton B. Mack, Jack
 Olson, Cede Pomeroy, Kenneth Raden, Fred R.
 Smith, Jeremiah Tan, Roy Terrell, Whitney Tower,
 Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Walter Baughman, Joseph Carroll,
 Len Ertsgaard, Hanson Herr, W. J. Luce, Gilbert
 Rogers, John Underwood, Len Woodcock

Staff Writers: Tom C. Brady, Gwyneth S. Brown,
 Frank Doherty, Barbara Hesman, Alvin Higgins,
 Norma Heyman, Dan J. Jolley, John K. Kohn, Rex
 Lardner, John Lussigny, Hugh D. Whit, Jo Adams
 Ziff

Photography: PICTURE EDITOR, John M. Sankhaus;
 PHOTO, George E. Woodcock; ASSISTANT, Betty Dick,
 Dorothy Mays, Christine (two photographs), Phil
 Brady, Jerry Cooke, James Drake, Walter Irwin M.,
 Mark Kaufman, Neil Lerner, Richard M. Neave,
 E. Newman, Herb Schorrman, Bruce Seid, Art Shry,
 Tony Tronzo

Writer-Reporters: Chris, Homer Freppertich; Duncan
 Kelly, G. J. Jones, Fritz D. Jones, Mary Jane
 Pomeroy, Sharon Starnes, Herman Weisskopf

Reporters: Mary Saxon, Eugene Frazer, Mary Ann
 Goss, John L. Luce, Susan McGinnis, Rose Mary
 McCann, John Murphy, Helen Owen, Harold
 Peterson, Sarah Pligg, Patricia Ryan, Paul R. Stewart

Coordinating Editors: Charles Green (Cards), Carole
 McNeil (Football), John O'Reilly (Hockey),
 William F. Talbot (Golf)

Production: Gene Ulrich (Manager), William Gal-
 lagher, Daniel A. Rago, CORE UNIT, Beatrice Green
 (Cover), Betty DeMoss, Geraldine Saunders, Helen
 Adams

Administrative Assistant: Maureen Harris

Art Department: Harvey Grut, Martin Nathan
 (Assistant Director), William Bernstein, Braden F.
 Miller, Catherine Smolits, Thomas Vandruckend

Editorial Assistant: Jean Lockhart, Theodore Stephens

Special Correspondents: CHILL, Earl Barton, assistant,
 Linnaea McQuinn; Atlanta, Jim Murre; Austin
 (Texas), Jimmy Isaacs; Baltimore, Walter Ward;
 Baton Rouge, Dan Hadden; Birmingham (Ala.),
 Billy Connolly; Boston, Len Morahan; Buffalo,
 Dick Johnston; Carson City (Nev.), Guy Meyer Jr.;
 Charleston (S.C.), Warren Kane; Charlotte (N.C.),
 Ronald Goss; Charlotteville (Va.), Chris Carver;
 Chicago, William Furlong; Cincinnati, Dan Schmitt;
 Cleveland, Charles Heston; Columbia (S.C.),
 Kaye Kessler; Dallas, Fort Worth, Wes Wise; Denver,
 Bob Boyce; Detroit, Pete Waldman; Greensboro
 (N.C.), Smith Barlow; Honolulu, Eddie Beahler;
 Houston, Jack Gallagher; Jacksonville, Bill
 Kautz; Kansas City, Theodore O'Leary; Key West
 (Fla.), R. E. Day; Las Vegas (Nev.), George King;
 Lexington (Ky.), Larry Van Hoose; Los Angeles,
 Jack Tobin; Louisville, Larry Boice; Miami, Freda
 Pomeroy; Minneapolis, C. R. Gorman; Nashville, George
 Barkin; Oklahoma City, Bob Delinger; Omaha,
 Helen Linsprich; Philadelphia, Gene Moore; Phoenix
 (Ariz.), Frank Goss; Pittsburgh, Eddie Beahler;
 Portland (Ore.), John White; Providence, John
 Hadden; Salt Lake City, Mary Goss; San Antonio
 (Texas), Sam Deery; Albuquerque, Sam Francis; An
 Rostov; Seattle, Ernest Watson; South Bend
 (Ind.), Joe Doyle; St. Louis, Bob Waldman; St.
 Petersburg (Fla.), Gordon Mackinn; Syracuse (N.Y.),
 William Clark; Tallahassee (Fla.), Bill McCulloch;
 West Chester, Ohio, Sam Deery; Wichita, Kansas,
 Martin Ziff; Winston-Salem (N.C.), Neil Mallory

Canada: Calgary, Bob Stolt; Montreal, Arthur Sogel;
 Ottawa, Gordon Deery; Toronto, Rex MacLeod;
 Vancouver, Eric Woodhead

Foreign Bureau: chief, Richard M. Clumack; por-
 tals, John Boyle

Publisher: Sidney L. Jaxon
 Associate Publisher: Gary Volk

Advertising Sales Director: Stephen E. Kelly
 General Manager: Raymond R. Ammend Jr.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Andrew Hesselt

On page 76 there be-
 gins an article on
 Springfield College,
 a unique institution
 founded on the 19th
 century concept of
 Muscular Christin-
 ity and dedicated,
 even in this day and
 age, to the belief
 that teaching young
 men and women to
 play ring-around-a-
 rosy can be as admi-
 rable an undertaking
 as trying to launch
 them into orbit. No
 less remarkable than



SPORTS SOCIOLOGIST BOYLE

Springfield College is the article's au-
 thor, Senior Editor Robert H. Boyle,
 who was born in Brooklyn, received a
 B.A. degree from Trinity College (hon-
 ors in history) and an M.A. from Yale,
 served as an officer in the Marine Corps,
 studied in Spain and worked as a U.P.
 reporter before joining the staff of
 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in 1954 at a time
 when this magazine was just four is-
 sues old. Since then Bob Boyle bylines
 have appeared at happily regular in-
 tervals on stories scattered across the
 entire spectrum of sports. He has writ-
 ten of bowlers and boxers, of bookies
 and black bass. His energy and rep-
 ortorial instincts have led him across
 Mexico with a touring team of Ne-
 gro ballplayers, into the cockpit of a
 screeching hot rod, on a butterfly chase
 with Novelist Vladimir (Lofita) Nabo-
 kov, to the World Series of cock-
 fighting in the Ozark foothills, deep
 into dandy warehouses in quest of
 Frank Merriwell, and hot in pursuit
 of Charles (Sonny) Liston, no heavy-
 weight champion of verbosity, who

nevertheless finally
 fell into Boyle's note-
 book. Boyle's rather
 special technique is
 to seek evidence of
 the historical and so-
 ciological impact of
 sport—any sport—
 upon our way of life.
 The result, as his
 readers know, is not
 only informative but
 provocative and en-
 tertaining. Some of
 his more dazzling per-
 formances have been
 collected, and in some
 cases amplified, in a

book, *Sport—Mirror of American Life*,
 published this month by Little, Brown
 (\$6). "When I finished the book and
 sent it off to the publisher, I never
 wanted to lay eyes on it again," says
 Boyle. "Ugh, it disgusted me. But then,
 when I got the galleys to correct, I
 was very much taken with it. I guess
 the most enjoyable moments were those
 spent in research. I read about 45 old
 Frank Merriwell novels in the Street
 & Smith warehouse, for example, and
 I can remember getting so excited tak-
 ing notes that my hands were perspir-
 ing and shaking." Now completely
 pleased with his first publishing venture,
 Boyle is considering another book, a
 scholarly study of the ecology of the
 black bass. So far this year—in the in-
 terest of science, of course—Boyle has
 fished a total of 124 hours and caught
 425 bass. "The only trouble," says
 Boyle, "is that I'll have to keep after
 it, since the life cycle isn't quite com-
 plete. The largest bass that I have been
 able to catch this year weighed only 3½
 pounds."



It's cozy and warm at Michigan Inns, where the snow and cold are left outside and the winter spirit glows.

SKIING GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOU WONDERFULLY WEARY

What better proof of perfect skiing than the happy tired feeling that follows at night? Michigan is famous for it. From December to March, every breath is spiked with winter. Every daylight hour is frosted giddy white. And every night and every corner of the state is equipped with its own particular simmering fire. Ever since skiing first began, people have come to Michigan for the gentle slopes and twisting slaloms and the feel of skis biting into a fresh coat of powder snow . . . and for that rare state of exhilaration with tiredness. Try it yourself.

FOR FREE LITERATURE on Michigan in winter, write Michigan Tourist Council, Room 4712, Mason Bldg., Lansing 26, Michigan.



MICHIGAN

WINTER WONDERLAND

take a two nation vacation

AT CARNIVAL TIME



Come to El Paso's Sun Carnival -- the sun does! Enjoy the border's gayest fiesta -- the Sun Queen's Coronation Ball, the Sun Bowl Game, the fabulous Sun Parade! It's the way to spend the Christmas holidays -- celebrating in two nations at the cost of a one-country vacation! Visit Juarez, Old Mexico, just blocks away, -- where this traditional season takes on a beauty all its own! And, there are nearby attractions of old missions, America's finest new ski resort, scenic spectaculars, every pleasure-filled activity, and a world of Sun when you come to fun's home on the range -- El Paso, the International City!

EL PASO

Write today for free color brochures on your two-nation vacation Dept. B
El Paso County Board of Development,
310 San Francisco St. El Paso 1, Texas

SHOPWALK

Finger boosters, silk glove liners and wool helmets will help you keep warm when skiing on sub-zero days

When the polar ice cap seemed to blanket most of North America and Europe last winter, the haters of America told us that a man without a hat can lose up to 35% of his body heat through his cranium. Apparently most of the top Austrian and Swiss racers felt the same way because they resuscitated the woolen balaclava helmet—survivors of the Charge of the Light Brigade used it at Balaklava in 1854—and started an international fad. The helmet is really a cap knit of wool that unrolls to shield and warm a skier's face and neck from the bite of the winter wind. Becونا imports a dress-up version with a tuft on top that is available in eight lively colors (\$5.50).

Ski-racing pros have discovered another good way to keep warm in subzero weather. They wear a turtleneck nylon shirt as a lightweight wind buffer between two sweaters and, when finished racing, wear it as an after-ski shirt. It costs \$5, has a zip collar and is imported by Becونا.

Ernst Engel, who talks just as enthusiastically about sking the top of Mt. Mansfield at 30° below as he does about selling his sleek parkas to Saks Fifth Avenue, has added a warm zip-out mohair vest to his heaviest quilted parka this year. Even the hood is lined, and it zips up to cover the chin, mouth, and cheeks of a skier—leaving just enough room for ski goggles. This parka, dyed to match the colors of Engel pants, is for men or women and costs \$50.

Snow bunnies always seem to have cold hands, and Glovemaker Red Weiss has tried to solve this problem with his new finger rooster, a half mitt that snugs over his regular ski glove. It has the same capskin, the same Corron foam and acrylic insulation as the ski glove itself and comes in all sizes (\$15).

Few materials quite match silk as a body-het retainer when it is knit into long johns or liners for gloves and socks. Saks' Active Sport Shop imports a set of silk-and-cotton ski underwear (\$29) that has long been popular with foraging Englishmen but is new to the U.S. this year.

Silk liners have been around for several so, sons, but never, and they always seem to be sold out in February when you really need them. Iselm's silk glove liners (\$4) allow a skier to buckle a boot, fix a binding or dig for change, all without numbing a finger. Silk socks (\$4), also by Iselm, make your toes blizzard-proof when worn under a pair of heavy wool socks.

—PAUL SEUWAKE



THE VISION AMERICA NEEDS

It must come of intellect, intelligence and ideals—the product of higher education. This is the vision we must cultivate in our leaders in order to hold America's place in industry, commerce, living standards and moral influence.

But higher education is in trouble—many colleges face shortages. Even now some are overcrowded, and the prospect is frightening when we realize that in less than 10 years college applications will double.

If we are earnest about holding our lead, we must see that our colleges have enough classrooms, laboratories and good teachers. College is America's best friend—give to the college of your choice.

To understand how the college problem affects us all, send for a free booklet to: HIGHER EDUCATION, Box 36, Times Square Station, New York 36, N.Y.

Sources contributed as a public service by Sports Illustrated.



A Comfortable Custom

The man who requires comfort as well as warmth and wearability always wears a Topcoat by CURLEE. Tailored with meticulous care in this season's most preferred patterns and colors, a CURLEE Topcoat adds the final perfect touch to your winter wardrobe.

*Write for the name
of the dealer nearest you.*

CURLEE
CLOTHING COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.





Unconventional eye — All conventional electric eye movie cameras see from a fixed point of view — but not this one. It has the exclusive Optronac Eye™ which "sees" through the lens, reacts only to light on the subject itself. Even during zooms from direct sunlight into deep shade. And Autoload® film cartridges allow film change any place, any time you pick. Handle Bell & Howell's magnificent 418 Reflex Autoload. * Priced under \$250

Bell & Howell brings out

... *Especially at Christmas* when you're looking for gifts that really count. Here are four automatic cameras and a projector: one is perfect for you and your family. But which? That depends on your requirements. We have a

movie camera so slim it'll tuck in anywhere, go along with you. Another movie camera is absolutely the finest in its field, a combination of masterful optics engineering and luxury. A third is brand new and a wonderful bargain . . . offering you



Sure, change film with a kid on your back! No more weaving movie film all through a camera's works! Flip in a fresh, pre-loaded Autoload® film cartridge and keep shooting! Electric eye sets zoom lens for you. The 315 Reflex Autoload... under \$110.



Every lady should carry an automatic. This one. So slim, trim it hides in purse or pocket! Zoom lens sets by electric eye, gets you clear, sharp movies automatically. Strong batteries drive movie film. Bell & Howell/Canon® Canonet 45C... under \$150.



She can't push the button unless her picture's perfect! Precise, around-the-lens electric eye sets sharp f/1.9 lens for you, won't allow a bad picture, slide. Viewfinder shows corrections, if any. 35mm Bell & Howell/Canon® Canonets start under \$100.



Teach your old film new tricks with instant slow motion — our projectors add comedy touches, smooth sweeping scenes, lengthen short ones! Automatic threading, too! See more in your movies on a versatile new Autoload® Autoload® models start under \$145.

the expert in you (automatically!)

more features for far less money. Then there's a 35mm still camera that puts its foot down, absolutely refuses to let you take a picture if the setting isn't correct. Our projectors (modestly absent) add more to your movies than was there in the

first place. You see your films in flutter-free slow motion and reverse. What's more, they thread themselves! Read what we have to say about each, then see them at your Bell & Howell dealer. You'll find your decision will be almost automatic!

Highway Communications—20th Century Style



Want to pass a truck on a hilly, curving highway? Simply blow your horn or, at night, hit your high beams and then return to

low beams. When they can, most truck drivers will let you pass. Highway courtesy is just one of the many safe-driving habits that

motor freight carriers instill in professional truck drivers... to make the highways safer for everyone.

U. S. ROYAL[®] TIRES

A MEMBER OF



AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY



**"WE'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU
VISIT US THIS WEEKEND"**

Long Distance is such an easy,
personal way to extend
an invitation and settle the
details for a friendly visit.
Try it yourself and see.



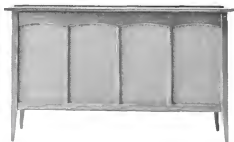
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Keep in touch by Long Distance

*tubes
out*

*transistors
in...*

***new Westinghouse
Transistor Stereo
gives you the most
consistently
faithful sound
reproduction...
year after year.***



Deluxe precision built automatic record changer, 12" 33" diameter turntable. Counter balanced tone arm and scratch-free retractable cartridge. Full range AM-FM radio with AFC. Built in FM Stereo Multiplex. 7 Speaker matched and balanced sound system.

*One year parts and labor guarantee to original purchaser from date of sale against original defects through authorized Westinghouse dealers or service agencies. Cabinet and record changer to guaranteed for 90 days.

If you've been searching for new heights in the realm of sound fidelity, search no more. New Westinghouse stereo is here! It's designed with all transistors. Why transistors? Because tubes start to deteriorate from the moment you turn them on. And as they go, so goes your fidelity.

But transistors are tough. Under normal operating conditions the life of a transistor is virtually unlimited. They require less current...function without component damaging heat. Result: New Westinghouse transistor stereo sustains distortion-free fidelity year after year. Here is reliability backed by a full one year guarantee*. Hear the new Westinghouse transistor stereo, featuring distinctively beautiful cabinetry and the finest sound quality your money can buy. You can be sure...if it's **Westinghouse** 



Novel 6-Door Passenger 4-Door Sedan

NO II ALIKE

ONE HAS A 120-HP 6 . . . ONE HAS A NEW 155-HP 6 . . . ONE HAS A NEW 195-HP V8

Just look what's got into Chevy II this year. A more powerful 155-hp Six and a more powerful than that V8—both optional at extra cost. So if you want plenty of reserve power for climbing hills or cruising on the highway, get a thrifty '64 Chevy II. Put your foot down. You know, Chevy II's are now the only cars made that give you such a complete choice of power: A 90-hp Super-Thrift four-cylinder engine. Two different Sixes. And that 195-hp V8. There probably are people who think economy has no right to be so lively. But we'll bet you're not one of them. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

THERE'S 5 IN
64
CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET • CHEVY • OLIVE • OLIVE • OLIVE • OLIVE

1964 CHEVY II by CHEVROLET



anta, is it true

Schick makes the only electric shavers
with heads of surgical stainless steel?



Yes! Yes! Yes! Give the old boy credit! Santa knows the three sharpest heads in shaving all come from Schick. Because they're surgical stainless steel, they start sharper, stay sharper. And they're the only shaving heads that pop out and wash clean to shave clean.

Hint Schick for Christmas. Start here.

SCHICK
the mark of quality



Crown Jewel Lady's Shaver



Petite Salon Hairdryer



Swagger Men's Toiletries

SCORECARD

QUESTION OF TASTE

The decision of the National Football League, of Pimlico racetrack and of some colleges to maintain weekend sports schedules as the people mourned the murder of President Kennedy shocked some sports fans. There were protests, and even hysterical threats of bombs and picketing.

All men are not alike in their sense of fitness. The games that were held were very well attended. It was, in the end, something that everyone had to decide for himself. No act of fiat—one way or the other—would have been an appropriate memorial for John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

OLD GUARD FIGHTS ON

Before the college basketball season even starts, the fight has begun over the method to be used in selecting the team that will represent the U.S. at the 1964 Olympics. Once again it is an NCAA-AAU battle.

In the past, the trials to select a team were heavily and, we believe, unfairly weighted in the AAU's favor. Three NCAA and three AAU teams participated despite the fact that about 90% of first-rate amateur basketball is played on college campuses. In addition, the selection committee had a disproportionate number of AAU members. Today, AAU basketball is just about dead. Only one major team is left from the National Industrial League, the Phillips 66ers. There is no real tournament to choose a champion. AAU basketball is pickup-team basketball.

Despite all this, the AAU is going to insist, at an Olympic Basketball Committee meeting next Sunday in Kansas City's Muehlebach Hotel, on the old trials system. It was unjust four years ago; it is idiotic now. But the AAU controls the committee.

With no real hope that our suggestion will be accepted, but simply because it makes sense, we urge that the man best qualified be put in charge of the trials and the selection of the U.S. team. He is the University of California's athletic

director, Pete Newell, who knows more about basketball and international competition than all the AAU committee-men put together. And then some.

THE SPITTER (CONT.)

C. C. Johnson Spink, editor and publisher of baseball's *Sporting News*, recently queried the 20 general managers of major league baseball teams, asking each of them if he would be for or against legalization of the spitball in case the subject should come up at the forthcoming (Dec. 5-7) major league meetings in Los Angeles.

Sixteen general managers were against legalization of the spitter for varied reasons: it would be bad for the youth of America, pitchers already have enough of an advantage over hitters, rules should stay rules, etc.

Joe Brown, general manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates and one of the four favoring acceptance of the spitter, was more cogent than cozy. "I feel the spitter is being used even more widely than publicized," he said. "It is neither dangerous nor unsanitary."

Brown, of course, is right that the spitter is being openly used by pitchers with no rebuffs from umpires. It appears, however, that legalization of it is far away. The league's presidents are far from disposed to tell their umpires that a law is indeed a law or to back up umpires who might challenge a pitcher who throws a spitter. The umps remember the balk rule fiasco.

THE GAME OF LIFE

Games are part of youth's preparation for life and, according to Dr. Frank P. Foster of Boston, some games are better in this regard than others. He does not think too well, for instance, of football. Fishing, golf, bowling—that's the prescription, says Dr. Foster.

What the adult male needs, he said the other day, is "muscle enough to shake hands, a head hard enough to take a Martini with a business lunch, a digestive tract that will take anything anywhere and a system that can go without sleep."

Now, if someone would invent a game that involves moderate use of the hands, liquor, eating junk and staying up all night, that would be the very ticket. Come to think of it, someone has. It's called poker.

LE BEAU GOLF

In the month following the Canada Cup match at Saint-Nom-la-Breche (SI, Nov. 4) French interest in golf has by no means reverted to traditional indifference. On the contrary. French press coverage has continued strong. Even provincial newspapers have joined the Paris dailies in talking up the game. Cartoonists, among them *Le Nouveau Canadien's* Charmoz (see below), have seized on golf as a popular subject. (In this one Charmoz is purporting to illustrate the *Rules of Golf*. The rule: "Irregularities of surface which could in any way affect a player's lie shall not be removed or pressed down by the player.")

Golf's biggest boost in France came last week on the state television network. The popular sports program, *Les Coulisses de l'Exploit*, presented a how-to-play-golf show, including a club-by-club explanation of the game.

An ambitious golf club is abuilding at Rochefort-en-Yvelines, and club of-



ficials feel that the international tournament heightened interest in their enterprise. Next year their 18-hole course on hilly, wooded land 25 miles from Paris will be inaugurated, along with France's first pitch-and-putt nine-hole links. Rochefort also expects to introduce night golf on the pitch-and-putt.

Topping it all, the ruling bodies of golf, pleased with the handling of the Canada Cup match, have asked the French Golf Federation to organize a new kind

(continued)



SEA MATES... perfectly timed

It takes a Sea Wolf to go down to an undersea depth of 660 ft. and come up with a prize catch... a beautiful metal Zodiac now features the world's finest waterproof* watches in models for men and women who want to be adventurous — both in and out of the water!



- 17-jewel precision self-winding movement
- movable bezel with minute calibrations
- large, easy to read, luminous blocks and hands
- shock-resistant, anti-magnetic
- unbreakable lifetime manufacturing and balance staff
- slim stainless steel case and band
- white or black dial, sapphire.

*Waterproof, as long as crystal is intact, case unopened and original seal is undisturbed if opened for servicing.

Zodiac Sea Wolf for men and women \$100.00

ZODIAC WATCH COMPANY, 15 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York

Announcing...
the American première
of
**CHANT
D'ARÔMES**



the new fresh note
in perfume by
GUERLAIN

SCORECARD

of Eisenhower Trophy match, this one for women. The French have agreed eagerly, and women golfers from a score or more of countries are expected to compete October 1-4, 1964 at the Saint-Germain-en-Laye links. Another tangible result has been the city of Grenoble's decision to build France's first municipal golf course. In addition, several other French towns are examining the desirability of establishing their own city links.

How do you say "foor" in French?

THE ABBINABLE SHOENAN

Squirrel hunting in Alabama's Coosa Valley, Robert Bearden came across the tracks of a huge foot, 15 inches long, equipped with claws that dug deeply into the ground. Contemplating the inadequacy of his squirrel rifle, Bearden sought heavier armament from a farmer, Coy Holcombbeck, who decided the big tracks must have been those of a gorilla. A professor from Alabama College confirmed that they were indeed the spoor of a heavy animal not indigenous to the region. Pretty soon the Coosa Valley was filled with hundreds of heavily armed hunters.

Pete Pickett had wanted the valley, his favorite turkey-hunting ground, to himself. After reading in a Sherlock Holmes story how the hooves of horses were shod to resemble those of cows, Pete equipped himself with imitation gorilla feet and tramped all over the valley. The idea was to scare hunters out of the area—not to bring them in. But that is just what the stratagem did. Now the turkeys are all stirred up by the crowds and Pete is madder than a harried gorilla.

PROGRESS REPORT

Though it will not be announced until after the teams play their final games, it appears to be definite that the University of Mississippi will face Alabama in this season's Sugar Bowl. As might have been expected, the integration-segregation issue played a part in the selection. Integration lost. New Orleans' bowl officials had wanted Pittsburgh as one of the teams and, since the bowl has no policy against Negroes appearing in the game and its seating policy is now one of integration, it seemed likely that Pitt might accept. But the bowl could guarantee desegregation only in the stadium, none whatever in New Orleans restaurants, theaters and social functions. Rather than embarrass any

continued



It's a Taylor Champagne...and you'll love it! Get-together people add gaiety to any occasion with the pop, bubble and sparkle of Taylor New York State Champagne. Celebrating? Entertaining? Always have some in the refrigerator. Need a gift idea? This is it. Dining out? Order it with pride. Ask your wine merchant for Taylor booklets that show you how to enjoy wine more—cooking, dining or entertaining.

©The Taylor Wine Company, Inc. Hammondport, N.Y. Produced in the U.S.A. Champagne Vermont





THIS IS ARNOLD PALMER'S BLAZER. Cricketeer designed it especially for him. Gave it the kind of easy going casual styling he likes. Cut it from a bolt of good-looking 50% "Orlon" acrylic, 50% wool hopsacking to insure a luxury look and good performance. About \$10.00 in all the classic blazer colors. Try it on. No one's going to ask you what your handicap is.

CRICKETEER® ARNOLD PALMER BLAZER WITH 50% "ORLON"®

SCORECARD continued

member of its team, Pitt turned its back on the offer. Good for Pitt.

Good also for Baylor University, which has now decided that any student, white or black, may take part in inter-collegiate athletics. Thus Baylor joins the University of Texas and Southern Methodist University in opening sport to all men.

PURELY POUR LE SPORT

The cautious Webster definition of an amateur in sport is "one who is not rated as a professional." Our own definition is that he is one who plays for pleasure, and only pleasure. It is a pleasure to report that, despite the prevalence of scholarships and perquisites, there really are amateurs left in college sport—the University of Buffalo hockey team, for instance.

Buffalo supports teams in 10 sports, but not in hockey. The university has no rink. Even so, some 40 hockey-loving students have put together an informal team and have maintained it and a schedule that would have discouraged most young men. They must, for instance, practice in Canada—at Fort Erie, Ontario. Because Canadian teams naturally get preference at the arena, the Buffalo boys usually work out from 11 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Opponents are similarly informal teams from colleges in the Finger Lakes area—Ithaca College, Syracuse University, University of Rochester, Rochester Institute of Technology, Hobart College and Brockport State.

It is wonderful what can be done without coaches, athletic scholarships, big budgets and press agents.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A PUB

Pub crawling hitherto has been an amateur sport, done for the love of it. One went to a pub because it was there. Now the sport has been professionalized. A team of five pros—a tobacco blender, a retired naval commander, an accountant, a former RAF officer and a businessman—have visited 1,152 pubs in the south and southwest of England, including London, and the results of their dedicated research appear in Egon Ronay's 1984 *Guide to 600 Pubs* (Gastronomes Limited in association with Hutchinson London, 9s 6d. net). A highly critical lot, they washed out 552 pubs as unworthy of notice.

The guidebook furnishes maps for

continued



Fond of things Italiano? Give **Liquore Galliano** in this new ceramic gift decanter by Coronetti. 19 inches high. Filled with the golden liqueur "distilled from the rays of the sun." Also in the distinctive regular bottle.



CHOICE OF TWO: Wilson golf ball Christmas package is available in both dozen and half-dozen sizes.

Perfect present for Swingin' Santas

GIVE your favorite golfer a dozen Wilson K-28® golf balls, Christmas gift-packaged with a great new golf instruction book entitled "From Tee to Cup." The book includes a revolutionary new self analysis section—plus playing tips from such golfing greats as Sam Snead, Billy Casper, Gene Sarazen and many others. One dozen K-28 balls with rich vinyl-covered book or half-dozen with paper-bound edition—each for the price of the balls alone. Available at sporting goods dealers everywhere.



NEW WAY TO IMPROVE YOUR GAME: New self-analysis section helps you keep a complete and accurate record of each shot in a round. Final analysis reveals both the strong and weak points in your game.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson K-28 BALL

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

Great gifts for everyone

Buy them at your sporting goods dealer.



Wilson Bowling Case. Lightweight plastic. Holds shoes, ball, shirt.



Putter



Sandy Andy Sand Wedge



Wilson Executive Golf Bag



Jack Kramer Autograph Tennis Racket



Wilson A2000® Baseball Glove



Famous Player® Basketball Set. Autographed ball, basket, net.



Famous Player® Football Set. Autographed ball, tee, pump.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

SCORECARD *continued*

crawls of pubs classified as London Riverside, Historical, Off Beat, Berkshire Riverside, and, of all things, Sophisticated. It describes characteristics: the Fisherman's Arms, in Cornwall, patronized by shark fishermen; the 800-year-old Trout Inn, two miles northwest of Oxford, to which you can sail for your Guinness; and the White Lion, in Farnborough, Kent, which is co-educational, sort of—it has a woman's skull cemented into the bar wall.

THE LAW AND THE PROFIT

An annoying thing happened to Tony Tamargo on his way to the Tampa dog track. He was stopped for going through a red light. Unjust, fumed Tony, and wrote down the cop's badge number, 336, to use when he fought the case in court. A few hours later he cheerfully presented himself to pay a \$10 fine. He had won \$272.40 on the daily double by playing 3 and 6, the last two numbers on the badge.

ROUND TRIP

When an Indian village in Alberta was flooded recently, the Royal Canadian Air Force sent in helicopters to rescue the inhabitants. After a while the 'copter pilots began to feel as if they were trying to bail out the sea, Indians, Indians, Indians. Then someone thought to count the number who had been evacuated. It totted up to 30% more than the population. The Indians, exhilarated by the ride, had been paddling back to the village for more flights in the whirlybirds.

THEY SAID IT

- Doug Weaver, Kansas State football coach, after his team beat Iowa State, breaking a 26-game Big Eight losing streak: "We just joined the conference."
- Sonny Liston, heavyweight champion, in a 30-second address before a Waterloo, Iowa, high school student body: "I keep my speeches like my fights, short."
- Charles Finley, Kansas City A's president, on trading baseball players, "If I had a general manager who said anybody was indispensable I'd fire him."
- Don Watchorn, University of Omaha assistant football coach, on organized midget football: "When football is forced down youngsters' throats by adults at such an early age, they become tired of it by the time they should be deriving the most benefits."

END



THAT MAN

He has the will and where-withal to do as he pleases. When he talks, men unconsciously hunch forward to listen. When he looks at a woman, she feels *all* woman. You may admire him; resent him. But no one can be indifferent to him.

His cologne and personal grooming accessories are "That Man" by Rolon. A luscious tang of lemon, tobacco and amber... as different from others as That Man is from the run of men.



THE PRESIDENT

He was not the only President to throw out the first ball of the baseball season, or the only one to attend faithfully the Army-Navy game. But John Fitzgerald Kennedy was one of the few Presidents to participate in such events—and countless others—out of a consuming, lifelong dedication to sports and fitness. It is an interest that cannot be faked, as certain political figures have learned the hard way. Indeed, it was often difficult to keep President Kennedy away from the playing fields, either as spectator or participant. Once he slipped into an Ivy League football game (he attended many) without advance fanfare, and the first indication of his presence the 15,000 spectators had was when the band played *Hail to the Chief*. When he found himself at the Waldorf-Astoria at the same hour that Heisman Trophy Winner Ernie Davis was being feted across town, Mr. Kennedy exercised his prerogative as an influential hero-worshiper and sent his aides to kidnap Davis for a quick chat. The President read the sports pages with the assiduousness with which he read the international news, and if he felt he could lend his prestige to a good sporting cause he interrupted his daily routine to take action. When the National Association of Basketball Coaches moved to weed out undesirable elements, the President sent a letter of congratulation. When Amos Alonzo Stagg turned 100, he found in his mail a note from the White House conveying best wishes. When the AAU and the NCAA were at each other's throats and this country's Olympic future seemed in jeopardy, the President recruited General Douglas MacArthur to straighten matters out.

Chief Executives have acted thus in the past, but none with the élan of John F. Kennedy. Like his father and his brothers, he lionized sports figures and made them his close friends. It was no coincidence that so many presidential appointments went to athletically oriented figures: skier Robert McNamara, ex-quarterback Orville Freeman, All-America halfback Whizzer White, basketball star Stewart Udall, boxer Mortimer Caplin and many another, not excluding that salty little letterman from Harvard, Bobby Kennedy.

But a true appreciation of the role of sports involves more than buddying around with athletic heroes, or sitting goggle-eyed in the stands while one's favorite seatback sprints into the end zone. If there was one thing that sickened Jack Kennedy, it was the flabby American parked in front of the television set in the middle of a noble spring day. He referred to this contemptuously as "spectating." And over and over again he warned that a nation that

spends all its time spectating must fail. He subscribed to the words of Homer: "There is no greater glory for a man while yet he lives than that which he achieves by his own hands and feet."

The President chose the pages of this magazine to begin his campaign for fitness. He had not yet taken office when he penned his first appeal for a heavier emphasis on what he wrote as "vigor" and spoke as "vigah." In that article, *The Soft American* (SI, Dec. 26, 1960), President-elect Kennedy noted a basic fact of history: "The same civilizations which produced some of our highest achievements of philosophy and drama, government and art, also gave us a belief in the importance of physical soundness which has become a part of Western tradition; from the *mens sana in corpore sano* of the Romans to the British belief that the playing fields of Eton brought victory on the battlefields of Europe. This knowledge, the knowledge that the physical well-being of the citizen is an important foundation for the vigor and vitality of all the activities of the nation, is as old as Western civilization itself."

The trouble was, said the President, that Americans were in danger of forgetting all this; spectating was becoming a national disease, and Americans were becoming soft. So a year and a half later (SI, July 16, 1962) he wrote *The Vigor We Need* and, like the student of history he was, he quoted Disraeli: "The health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and all their powers as a State depend."

The words were backed with action. The President's Council on Youth Fitness was reorganized and placed under Special Presidential Consultant Bud Wilkinson, football coach at the University of Oklahoma. The President constantly sought converts to his ideal of physical fitness. "The sad fact is that it looks more and more as if our national sport is not playing at all—but watching," he told the National Football Foundation. He set up such a personal clamor on the subject of fitness that he even drew a comment from that archenemy of the Administration, Teamster Boss James Hoffa. "I can't go much for this touch football," Hoffa said. "I'll take them on in push-ups any day down at my gym." The *New York Post* summed up the President's campaign with a headline: PRESIDENT TO THE NATION—HANDS ON HIPS, PLEASE!

For his own part, Jack Kennedy never had need for the tedium of calisthenics. His personal physician, Dr. Janet G.

WHO LOVED SPORT

Travell, wrote in this magazine in 1961: "President Kennedy is a walking—or rather running—testament to the principle that people who are active in sports during youth and continue their activity as adults are likely to remain vigorous as they grow older." At 9, a baby-faced Jack Kennedy had quarterbacked the Dexter School football team of Brookline, Mass. to an undefeated season, and a newspaper reporter later analyzed his technique: "John ran a little, passed a little and whenever he really needed yards, gave the ball to his brother, Joe Jr."—a general approach that would do credit nowadays to Y. A. Tittle and Bart Starr. At Harvard Mr. Kennedy defied illness and injury alike. In the infirmary with a severe case of gripe during the swimming season, he arranged for a roommate to smuggle him steaks and malts, and he sneaked out for practice swims. He played on the junior varsity football team until a back injury turned him into the most celebrated touch football player in all recorded history. He raced Star boats, and became champion of Nantucket Sound. He sailed for Harvard; and with his big brother Joe sailing another boat, he won the McMillin Trophy, emblematic of the Eastern Intercollegiate Championship.

Barely out of college, Jack Kennedy joined the Navy. His exploits as a PT boat skipper in the South Pacific are celebrated—it was his own physical fitness that saved his life and that of others.

His interest in the sea never ended, and the President was a familiar sight at the helm of his centerboard sloop, the *Finarra*, in the waters off Hyannisport. Just before his election to the presidency he confided wistfully to a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* correspondent: "I always wanted to sail in the Bermuda race." Our man observed that many a Bermuda race skipper would like nothing better than to have Mr. Kennedy as crew, but he added that this would probably become impossible if Mr. Kennedy became President. The familiar Kennedy smile broke out, and he said, "I guess that's right, but if I lose I can go."

A warm, happy approach to the gibes and banter of sport characterized all the Kennedys, and none more than the President. He laughed out loud at an essay entitled *Rules for Visiting the Kennedys*, written by a close friend. Be prepared to play touch football, the writer warned. "The only way I know of to get out of playing is not to come at all, or to come with a broken leg." Good-natured ragging, so much a part of sport, appealed to the President, even though he was, in his lofty position, the most frequent

butt of the remarks. No one laughed louder than Jack Kennedy when, on the morning after his election, he took an ignominious pratfall in one of the Kennedys' incessant touch football games. "There he is, the next President," cracked brother Robert. "All guts and no brains." And when he gave up skiing just after taking office, Mr. Kennedy made one of those offhand remarks that bring laughter at the time and sad remembrance later. "My own profession," he said, "is hazardous enough."

Skiing was one of the few sports Jack Kennedy ever abandoned, and only because another injury to his back might have left him permanently and seriously disabled. But the range of his athletic participation was so broad that a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* photographer, assigned to follow the President for a few days on Cape Cod, wired to New York that the next such assignment should go not to a mere reporter but to "a summer camp phys ed instructor." The President, during those days, had taken part in skin diving, golf, croquet, swimming, sailing, softball, deep sea fishing, speedboating and a popular Kennedy family sport known as "towing in the water," in which lines were trailed from the family sloop and all aboard took turns being towed, sometimes losing their grip and flailing along behind while the rest of the Kennedys dissolved into taunting laughter.

Now he is gone. Sonny Liston cried. The English Football League went into mourning. Dozens of athletic events were canceled out of respect for the President, and dozens were played on the equally reasonable grounds that the President would have wanted it that way. On the morning after the assassination, Representative Carl Albert of Oklahoma put his finger on the reason for the state of shocked stupor all over the nation. "I think," he said, "we feel so sad because President Kennedy was like an extra member of every American family." Indeed he was, and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is proud that he was very much a member of our family. Others will tell of his roles in international and domestic policies, of his victories and his disappointments. We prefer to remember him at the helm of *Finarra* or studying the mysterious ways of a four-wood or rapping out a ground-rules double on the tiny softball field adjoining his home in Hyannisport. His bad back gave him a clear mandate to relax and take it easy, to spectate for the rest of his life. Instead he played in his pain and showed the Soft American the way of a man with guts.

END

A YOUNG TEAM WITH A MISSION

During the somber week just ended a group of youngsters, whose vigor and dedication were the embodiment of President Kennedy's ideal, completed their domestic training at Mammoth Mountain, Calif. This was the 14-member Alpine team which, under the drill-sergeant direction of Coach Bob Beattie, has formed into the most promising squad in U.S. ski history. Each day Beattie pushed them through a punishing routine of calisthenics, training-film analysis, practice in the cramping racer's crouch and, of course, some real snow skiing. This week, the team took off for Europe. As Beattie said, "All we have to do now is win at Innsbruck."



With his young racers looking firm and ready for their invasion of Europe, Coach Beattie follows orders to members of the women's team and Bill March (60) as they watch Buddy Werner pole away for a downhill run.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED LINDGREN





CONTINUED



"We are a happy family," commented Beattie at Mammoth, "and though we have four rules [no smoking or drinking, eat three meals a day and don't fool around with the girls—or vice versa] they really aren't necessary." Indeed, they are not. Since Aug. 25, when the team first assembled, the combination of rugged physical training and the personality of Coach Beattie has created a team with a strong sense of unity and willing obedience. Beattie starts most of his orders to men and women, alike, with: "Fellows, could you do me this little favor?" and everyone does. An international star like Buddy Warner (above), who at 27 is just three years younger than the coach, carries his training through voluntary sessions of rope skipping and push-ups. A newcomer like Margo Walters (right) shortens her lunch break to take instruction in the downhill luck, then hurries off the hill after skiing to join teammate Jean Seubert for extra celesthenics. "I've never worked so hard in my life," said Margo, "or enjoyed myself more."



CONTINUED





As a winter wind tears at the snow of the High Sierras, America's two best racers, Buddy Warner and Jean Saubert (left), snake their way through a field of moguls. Nearby, on a trail, North American Downhill Champion Gordy Eaton (right) displays the form that may win Olympic medals for the U.S. Before gold can be collected in the Alps, however, the American racers face two months of arduous practice abroad. In Val d'Isère, France this week they will begin the last phase of their pre-race training. Then they will move on to Sinterland, Germany and Austria for a schedule of warm-up races. Finally, on Jan. 30 at Innsbruck, they will try to fulfill their own personal promise—and Coach Beattie's avowed mission of making America the best Alpine skiing nation in the world. "We thought we were the best-conditioned team two years ago at the world championships," Beattie said. "But today we are 75% tougher and still improving."



SUKARNO'S LAVISH GANEFO WAS

Almost every day during the past two weeks some 400 expertly coached, highly disciplined and obviously terrified athletes from Communist China appeared at the stadium in Jakarta, Indonesia. In an unvariable routine, they piled out of their buses, answered roll call, won their games, raced back to their buses, answered roll call, climbed back into their buses and were driven back to their quarters. They plainly were not afraid of being beaten by their opponents. What they were afraid of was missing the bus.

The scene was the now-celebrated Games of the New Emerging Forces, and Communist China, to the surprise of no one, emerged victorious, with 65 gold medals compared with 31 for the nearest emergence contender—Russia. The results, however, were the least impressive aspect of this remarkable sports event, one which assumed a legendary character even before the first race was run and

which became really awesome by the third day. That was when Camara Mami, a heavyweight from Guinea, climbed into the ring dead-drunk—evidently having tried to bolster his spirits after seeing his massive opponent, a Mongolian named Narmuhanov—and was knocked out, or just passed out, after the bout had lasted 20 seconds.

If the Games of the New Emerging Forces are any indication, when the new forces finally do emerge it is going to be with flags flying and hands playing, amid cries of foul, fights with referees and scandals over the sale of tickets. It may turn out, in fact, that the games have been the most completely disorganized sports event of which history has any record, thus achieving an unexpected grandeur of a sort. They already have added fables to the folklore of sport, as well as epics of confusion and inefficiency beside which such humdrum matters as the times of races—times that

were pretty humdrum themselves—fade into insignificance.

The melodrama actually had its beginning during the Fourth Asian Games, another Olympic-type spectacular held in Jakarta last fall. Indonesia refused to let Israel and Nationalist China enter, and when the representative from India, who happened to be an official of the Asian Games, made a formal protest, the exuberant Indonesians booed the Indian national anthem, razed the Indian athletes, wrecked the Indian Embassy and forced the Indian representative to flee for his life.

Last February the International Olympic Committee suspended Indonesia for making a travesty of the event it had hosted. The committee had also refused to recognize the Asian Games or record the results. In Jakarta, where nobody remembered how the Indians had been treated, the suspension was considered an international affront. President Su-

Marching in the opening-day ceremonial parade in Jakarta were such non-new countries as Belgium, which had no team to follow its flag.



MOSTLY SNAFU

Indonesia put on its Games of the New Emerging Forces, but what emerged in two weird weeks was a new kind of chaos by T. PETER ROSS

karno decided he would get even by organizing a rival athletic event that would put the old established powers in their place. He first considered creating the Asian-African Games, then the African-Asian-Latin American Games. The term that he finally decided on, the "new emerging forces," comes from the title of a weighty book on international affairs, *Builders of Emerging Nations*, by the American writer, Vera Micheles Dean. The phrase has become familiar throughout the Orient. When Sukarno formally announced he was making the games a symbol of the struggle of the emerging forces against the established forces, he added, "Yes, let that be so."

It was indeed so. When Sukarno says, "Let that be so," about anything, people know what he means. In this venture into sport, however, Sukarno gave many indications during the next six months that he wished it were not so. Two things were in short supply—athletes and money.

Most sports federations, concerned about keeping their Olympic eligibility, warned their athletes not to compete. Russia, taking no chances, sent only second-stringers. President Macapagal ordered the Philippine army to send a delegation after the national sports federation refused to do so. More often, the athletic representatives of the emerging forces who turned up in Jakarta had no official standing. For example, there was a team from Angola, but it did not represent that Portuguese colony. It represented a group that hopes to take over the colony. Israel was absent again, of course, but there was a team representing Palestine Arabica, which intends to emerge someday and seize Israel. There were also groups representing still nonexistent governments which hope to take over Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Somali and assorted other lands. The marchers from these nebulous principalities were often not even athletes. No athletes at all ar-

rived from Algeria, Belgium (emerging?), Burma, Bolivia, Mongolia, Nigeria, Senegal, Czechoslovakia and Venezuela for the opening exercises. What with athletes representing nonexistent countries, and countries represented by nonexistent athletes, there was a ghostly air over the entire enterprise. With no charter, no organized rules and no system of scoring ready on opening day, there was also no screening of the contenders for eligibility. Sonny Liston could have competed if he had wanted to.

But one thing there was plenty of was enthusiasm and interest. When ticket-holders arrived at beautiful, Russian-built Bung Karno Stadium on opening day they sustained a great shock. The 103,000-seat arena already was filled. Gate crashers had taken it over, including the seats for distinguished guests. Forged tickets had been printed by the thousands, and black marketers had done a flourishing business selling 1,000-

continues

Peering up pomp in favor of pop, the Mexican delegation delighted the crowd with freestyle singing and dancing.



rupiah (\$1) seats for 15,000 rupiah.

The stadium was thus doubly packed by the time Sukarno's motorcade arrived at 3 in the afternoon. The presidential party entered with the president's limousine surrounded by scores of motorcycle police and armored cars. But Sukarno was not alone. He came an hour later by helicopter, looking grim. He thawed a little, but only a little, at the sight of 200 beautiful brown-skinned girls perched on the stairway leading to the presidential box.

The parading then began. A platoon of the Women's Army Corps entered to the beat of a march by John Philip Sousa. Indonesians love music, especially Sousa's marches and the hit tune of the moment, *God Bless America*, sung by Connie Francis. No matter what relations are with the U.S., the strains of *The Washington Post March* and *Scupper Tiddledy* and even *The Stars and Stripes Forever* ring out over the most violently nationalistic Indonesian events. Marching to these stirring tunes, the Women's Army Corps carried 56 banners of the contending new emerging forces, who followed in strict alphabetical order. The athletes of future Angola came first, and so on down the colorful line of march. Ceylon's athletes introduced a somewhat somber note. They passed by Sukarno with heads bowed and hands folded in prayer. Next the solemn-visaged, hard-marching, arm-swinging Chinese swept into the stadium, as if they planned to occupy it. The occupation was led by the towering center of the basketball team, over 6 feet 8 inches, and the next three ranks were made up of North Chinese who were all over 6 feet 4. Nobody was going to be able to say the Chinese are short. The Mexicans, by contrast, entered dancing, fiesta style, with mariachi singers and heel-clicking señoritas.

At 5:20 p.m. Sukarno tucked his swagger stick under his arm and said, "The first Games of the New Emerging Forces are now open." He said it three times, first in Indonesian, then in English and French. Doves flew, balloons and banners floated, flags fluttered, cannon boomed, trumpets played, Mexicans danced, Chinese gongs marched,

Russian Cossacks stomped, Korean girls screamed and waved colored handkerchiefs and a banner was hoisted bearing the slogan of the occasion, "Onward! No Retreat!" Thereupon 1,300 primary students rushed out on the field and went through gymnastic exercises that spelled out *WE COME*, and recited: "We are dancing to enhance the sports festival of the new emerging forces. We have won. Undoubtedly we will win. We will get the star of victory."

Regardless of what the games lacked in athletic finesse, they did provide the wildest, most exuberant spectacle in Indonesia's recent history, and the Indonesians loved every minute of it. Surprisingly, their greatest applause during the

opening day ceremonies was for a country they presumably dislike, The Netherlands. The Netherlands was represented by a contingent that was pathetically small. It was an almost painful reminder of the days when Indonesia had been the richest Dutch possession. The team got the greatest ovation of the day. In contrast, the smart, snappy Indonesian delegation of 500—the largest at the games—was greeted with much less interest.

It was immediately obvious, once the athletics themselves began, that Communist China would completely dominate all the new emerging forces. The most powerful of the old established forces have never walked over the Olympic Games in the commanding fashion



Indonesian levelers who flanked the path to his seat earned a smile from President Sukarno

of the Chinese in Jakarta. On the first day China picked up six gold medals, with five firsts in track and field and a world record in a weight-lifting event. On the second day the Chinese won six gold medals in eight track and field events, and so it went. The final result found China with 65 firsts, 46 seconds, 47 thirds. Russia had 31, 20 and 8, and Indonesia was third with 19, 24 and 30.

In the absence of any real contest, events of this sort can nevertheless possess intrinsic interest if the individual performances are outstanding. But few of the contenders in Jakarta were really accomplished athletes. China won the 400-meter run, for example, with a time of 49.5, which is hardly up to the standard of a U.S. high school track meet. The Arabian winner of the 1,500-meter race was timed at 4:00.8, more than 7 seconds slower than qualifying time for the Tokyo Olympics. And even good performances were apt to be tarnished by the general disorganization. At the 100-meter final the Cambodian and Chinese sprinters broke before the gun, a false start that was obvious to every person in the stadium except the starter. This left Mohammed Sirengat, the Indonesian sprinter who had won in the Asian Games with a time of 10.5, sitting in the blocks, while China's Lin Chinglen swept to victory in 10.7. The Indonesian track men were not left behind in a later race, however. When Jonjte Oroh, their only triumphant track star, he won two gold medals, was leaving the stadium with his fiancée, five members of the special police stopped them at the gate. After a hot exchange of words, Oroh owing on a special policeman and knocked him down. Then he knocked down another. As he himself was being felled by truncheon blows, the Indonesian track team, which was housed near the gate, rushed out and cleaned up on the remaining guards, who dashed in unmitigated fashion to the safety of a guard shack nearby. The winning time for their sprint was not recorded.

It was only natural that after 12 tempestuous days the games should end in a riot. As hundreds of spectators brawled on the field a soccer game between the United Arab Republic and North Korea had to be decided by a toss of a coin. The score was 1-1, but the U.A.R. was declared the gold medal winner.

What did Indonesia get from the



Once seated, Sukarno viewed proceedings with the expression of a man worried about getting a \$6 million return from a \$6 million investment. He arrived late and he left early.

games? They cost \$6 million to put on, a stupendous amount in view of the country's economic situation. Schoolchildren solicited funds, hotel bills were hiked, all cars were stopped by the police and plastered with stickers that amounted to a tax of as much as \$10 per car. Eventually, a large sum set aside for a French-built hydroelectric project had to be diverted to help finance the event. Communist China paid a part of the cost, importing the opponents from places like Mali in Africa, Albania and North Vietnam, and it also donated 50 tons of gymnastic equipment and 3,000 basketballs. But Indonesia bore the brunt of the expense.

The return, in terms of propaganda, is hard to assess. Any satisfaction Sukarno derived from having stood up to the International Olympic Committee

on the matter of Indonesia's suspension must have been pretty hollow, the suspension was ended before the games were held, with the stipulation that the Indonesians refrain from chasing Indian delegates in the future. But there were some rewards. According to the official Chinese Communist news agency, when the Chinese athletes assembled at their quarters in International Village, they talked with the Cuban athletes "in an atmosphere of friendship and unity." That can be valuable. What did they discuss? The Cuban captain told the Chinese that only after liberation did volleyball gain popularity in Cuba. Before liberation, he said, American coaches came to Cuba to teach Cubans to play the game, but they did not come to raise the level of play, only to promote the sale of American volleyballs.

END



There were long hours last week when the Army-Navy football game was not at all important. It would become so again when the nation had begun to rally from the loss of its Chief Executive. A true spectacle of U.S. sport, the game might well serve as both reaffirmation and inspiration to the 100,000 spectators in attendance in Philadelphia and 25 million more watching on television. The effect of President Kennedy's death was, of course, to produce chaos in athletic schedules everywhere. But no institutions were more directly concerned than the naval and military academies. Both wanted to carry on their 64th traditional game on Nov. 30, and waited for the decision to be made somewhere in the Pentagon. On Friday, the Navy and Army teams met just long enough to be told that practice had been called off. At Annapolis and West Point the players knelt and prayed. The next day they took their normal Saturday-before workouts.

Since the Army-Navy series began in 1890, there have been 10 cancellations. Five, from 1894 to 1898, resulted from a

6-4 Navy victory in 1893. So heated did a brigadier general and a rear admiral become, the story goes, that a duel was narrowly averted. President Grover Cleveland thereupon banned the game until 1899. The 1909 game was canceled because of a sudden outburst of collegiate football deaths. In 1917 and 1918 the academies did not play because of World War I. Interservice rivalries over player eligibility resulted in the cancellation of the 1928-29 games. President Herbert Hoover ordered a resumption in 1930.

Traditionally the Army-Navy game embraces the color of a flower show and the competitive urgency of an armed skirmish. It is the only major college football game at which both admirals and generals whoop into the crisp fall air with the enthusiasm of enlisted men on a weekend pass. Few meetings of the two teams have generated more precombat excitement, however, than the one scheduled for this year.

For one thing, Navy is favored to win—and win big. If it does, this will be

Navy's fifth straight victory. Annapolis is as unaccustomed to this sort of luxury as West Point is to its own embarrassment. While the series is remarkably close (Army has 30 victories, Navy 28 and five games were tied), most casual followers of the game cling to the impression that Army has always dominated. Army was a tower of strength from 1922 through 1949, when it won 16, lost just seven and tied three. But West Point was seemingly more publicized during those years—through motion pictures and the New York press—than Navy. It comes as a distinct shock, therefore, to realize that Navy has won nine and tied one of the last 13 Army games, has been to three post-season bowl games in that span and has quietly become the persistent national power that Army once was. Now, sadly for Army, the 1963 Navy team is the best ever.

With one game still to play, Navy already has scored more points (293) than any predecessor in more than 50 years, and it is rated second in the national

A SETTING FOR GREATNESS AT PHILADELPHIA

The Army and the Navy have met on the football field 63 times in the last 73 years. Seldom has either service possessed a star of greater magnitude than Navy's Roger Staubach (at left, with Coach Wayne Hardin), a midshipman who speaks not but does everything

by **DAN JENKINS**



polk, the loftiest peak ever held by a Navy team so late in the season. It is a fast, aggressive, explosive team, fully capable of striking from any place on the field because of Quarterback Roger Staubach (see cover), one of the most gifted players of any year, who ignores the clock as readily as he ignores defenders. If there were not such an emotional rivalry attached to the game, Navy could almost name the score.

But emotion is often a great equalizer in football, particularly in this game, where the upset is commonplace. While Coach Paul Dietzel's Cadets clearly lack the ability of the Midshipmen, they have defeated some good teams (Penn State, Air Force), and Navy has been upset by SMU 32-28, and frightened by Duke 38-25. Army's problems in the game are well defined. The team runs better than it passes. If the Cadets can control the half Staubach cannot get his hands on it. Army should make a game of it for possibly three quarters. Eventually, though, Navy's speed, its agility and Roger Staubach should prevail, with Navy

concluding one of its most successful seasons.

For all of its success and its bright future (Staubach is a junior), Annapolis has been a tough ship all season long. Its Spartan atmosphere has provided a perfect cloak for Wayne Hardin, Navy's grim-faced coach, who has beaten Army four straight years but apparently does not want anyone to know it.

Hardin became head coach in 1959 at the age of 32 after serving four years as an assistant to Eddie Erdelatz. He is a red-haired Californian who played at College of the Pacific, but his manner would make anyone believe he was reared on a military post. "I believe in Navy," he says. "When I stop believing in it I'll leave." Hardin has a lightly freckled, round face and agate eyes. His voice is soft, but his speech is rapid. In an age of public-relations-minded coaches, he casts himself as a rock-nosed grumbler who believes that winning takes care of everything. So far it has for him. Going into the Army game, Hardin has won 34, lost 14 and tied one.

There are those among his coaching contemporaries, however, who believe his contribution has not been all good. Hardin's teams have been accused of rough play (this year's team has set an academy record of 631 yards in penalties), of intimidating their opponents unnecessarily and of acting at times with conduct unbefitting future admirals. Hardin used a sleeper play against Pittsburgh last year that some thought was unethical. "That was my fault," Hardin says. "The kid limped too much on purpose. But only the press called it a sleeper. Pitt didn't." He pulled a stunt on Duke a year ago (sending his second-string quarterback in at fullback with a different jersey number to throw a touchdown pass) that Duke Coach Bill Murray felt was not entirely wholesome. In the SMU game this year a Navy player, Fullback Nick Markoff, was roundly booed when he returned to the field after an out-of-bounds pileup and threw a shoulder at a side-stepping SMU cheerleader. Hardin insists Markoff was cursed and kicked. There are other versions.

continued

The incidents have not made Hardin the most popular coach in the fraternity, but no amount of censure seems to bother him. Hardin has his own explanations for every accusation against him as well as for every Navy loss. In a recent session he handled a flurry of innocent questions as if he were being asked for his bank statement. Given a choice with normal material, he was asked, does he consider himself an attacking coach or does he build from defense? "Both," he said. How would he describe Navy's current offense? "Diversified." Defensively, does he prefer an aggressive style or containing? "Multiple." How often does Roger Staubach change plays at the scrimmage line? "Never." How often does Hardin send in specific plays from the sideline? "What difference does it make?"

Hardin is frank on only one subject: his own secretive nature. "See," Hardin says, "I don't want anybody to know me. I don't want anybody to know what I think. The less they know about me, the less they know about my teams."

The person whom Hardin wants less known than himself is Roger Staubach. The Navy quarterback has emerged as the glamour player of 1963. His Saturday feats (101 completions for 1,375 yards and seven touchdowns, and eight other touchdowns running) and the na-

tional attention he has drawn are almost more than Annapolis can stand.

For weeks the academy has had a ban on Staubach interviews, hiding behind the excuse that a midshipman's routine does not permit them. Says L. B. (Budd) Thalman, the Navy publicity man, whose job is made easier by the ban: "We decided before the season that this kid was going to be in the spotlight and that if we allowed writers and photographers in here all of the time he would have none of the small amount of free time that a midshipman has to himself. So we put the pressure on ourselves."

"More people would like to see Roger Staubach right now than any celebrity," Hardin says, seriously. "If we opened the doors, do you have any idea how many writers and photographers would show up at our practice? A dozen? It would be closer to 5,000."

There have been times when not even that many tacklers could have chased Staubach down. The 6-foot-2, 196-pound second classman from Cincinnati is truly a dazzling athlete. With long, powerful strides, Staubach rolls out with deceptive speed. He throws on the run, or backing up. Trapped, he has a startling quickness and a mysterious sense of the profitable direction.

And it is when Staubach gets into trouble that he is at his very best. Never

easy to pull down, he throws with tacklers tearing off pieces of his jersey or clawing at his legs, or he runs. With a cluster of fine receivers like Ends Jim Campbell, Dave Suggard, Neil Henderson and Haffback Skip Orr and the running of Pat Donnelly and Johnny Sai to take the pressure off his passing, Staubach and Navy have weapons to throw away. He is, in the final sense, that splendid combination of runner-passer who can invest every play with unbearable excitement.

Off the field, Roger Staubach is a soft-eyed, high-cheek-boned, brown-haired, handsome, devoted midshipman who attends Mass almost every morning. His smile is honest and he is unmitigatedly gracious. He looks something like a young movie star whose name you cannot quite remember. His father is a salesman, and his mother keeps a scrapbook. Back home there is the usual childhood sweetheart, Margna Hobbler, who is a nurse. A product of Cincinnati's highly developed Catholic Youth Organization, Staubach grew up in organized sport. "From the time he was able to sit up," says his mother, "he was an active child." Staubach's roots are still in Cincinnati, and he looks forward to the Christmas holidays, when he can relax

continued

ARMY'S FUTURE IS STILL AHEAD

Alarms have hinted that, should Coach Paul Dietzel lose again to Navy, he is through at West Point. If this is true, then the melt of Army are throwing up the most effective smoke screen since pre-embarkation days in World War II. After the 28-0 battering by Pittsburgh two weeks ago, the cadet corps turned out almost to a man to welcome the team home. As Dietzel stepped from the bus they burst into cheers, slapped his back and shook his hand. "He may not beat Navy this year," said one wide-eyed cadet, "but next year and years after that Army will be top dog."

There is nothing in Coach Paul Franklin Dietzel's contract that says he must beat Navy, but losing, even with an understanding employer, is a crushing experience. "I cannot accept defeat," he said last week. "Each time it's harder on me. My saving grace is that I drive myself hardest. I will drive myself to death to succeed."

Success, either in beating Navy or retrieving Army's lost football prestige, is not as easy as Dietzel had expected it to be when he arrived on the Hudson two years ago. He now admits to having been naive in his outlook. "I confused the situation with what it had been in Coach Earl Black's glory days," he says. "I didn't realize how far Navy had widened the gap between the two schools. They have an exceptional program, and they get the good boys and lots of them." Dietzel does not document these program differences. He is, however, emphatic in his intention to wipe them out.

An excellent recruiter, Dietzel has eight or nine exceptional players on his plume team, and hints that the bumper crop is coming. But not all goes swimmingly. First, there is a growing tendency among student athletes to shun the military life. Then there is the West Point admissions division's preoccupation with eggheads. ("We've gotten so nutty over who has the best German scientists, we or the Russians, that we have gone overboard on the egghead and have forgotten the sound, solid athlete-leader.") Finally, there is the cruelest cut of all, the changed substitution rule that deprived Dietzel of his third-platoon Chinese Bandits.

To win against Navy, one rival coach has said, Dietzel will have to accept fully the loss of the Bandits and give up his relentless tactical approach to football, born in the three-platoon era. Army admittedly has suffered severe losses, among them Curt Cook, its best power, and Tom Smith, its fastest back, and has had to play a patched-up first unit longer than planned. Dietzel, a rival coach says, will have to open up his offense.

Maybe that is just what he will do. Cook was used for the first time against Pittsburgh in what could have been a warmup for Navy. Always charming, even gracious and smiling in defeat, Dietzel says, "No excuses, they were just the better team—to-day." But do not be fooled. He hates saying the words, particularly about Navy, even more than he loves his Chinese Bandits.



***Christmas time, and the giving is easy
(when AMF plays Santa)***

Christmas present-ing to the bowlers on your list has never been easier! Reason? AMF's new "Magic Line" of Amflite® bowling balls in a striking range of colors and finishes. New precision and power, too!

To make the giving (and getting) even merrier, AMF presents a brilliant new

Fashion Line of accessories. Bowling bags and shoes that coordinate beautifully with "Magic Line" bowling balls.

See AMF's bright new collection of gift ideas at bowling centers everywhere and wherever quality sporting goods are sold. Happy bowldays.



AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY



 Family Christmas . . . all year long!

ENJOY THE FUN and excitement of Christmas morning every day of the year on a new Schwinn Sports Bike. Bike riding is America's fastest growing outdoor adult recreation. Now it's more fun than ever, with light, smooth-running, 10-speed gears and other refinements that make bike riding a completely new, fascinating experience. Give the family a package of healthy, happy fun this year—new Schwinn Sports Bikes. Choose from over 50 Schwinn models. See your Schwinn dealer today.

*All suggested prices, slightly higher west and south.

WRITE FOR FREE SCHWINN BOOKLET

ARNOLD. **Schwinn** & CO.

CHICAGO,

ILLINOIS

60639

Above:
Schwinn Continental 10-speed
Ladies' Schwinn Vanity 10-speed
Schwinn "Boyette Built for Two"

\$85.00*

\$65.95*

\$29.50*



Schwinn 3-speed Roadster

\$56.95*



Schwinn 10-speed Paramount

\$175.00*

and play touch football with his old high school teammates.

Wayne Hardin says Staubach will be a career Navy man. If so, he has just made the decision this year. After the Army game of 1962 he was asked about pro football. "It depends on how much I like the Navy," he said then. "I'll make up my mind in the next two years. I would like to try it."

Now Staubach feels—or, rather, the Navy feels—that the remark was unfortunate. And the publicity office is quick to provide a quote that reads, "I'm not here to play football. I owe a lot to the Naval Academy for giving me a wonderful four-year education. If I decide to make the Navy my career I'll try to keep in touch with football in some capacity."

Actually, Staubach could thank the Navy for a wonderful five-year education, for, like 23 other players on the current roster, he attended another school for one year before he entered the Naval Academy. Staubach went to New Mexico Military Institute, it is said with the help of an organization that is known as the Naval Academy Foundation, which also sends potential midshipmen to Colombian and Bullis prep schools. (NCAA rules have permitted one midshipman, Guard Fred Marlin, to enjoy a curious history. In 1958 Marlin played for Western Maryland. In 1959 he was in the Navy. In 1960 he played for the Naval Academy Prep School. In 1961 he played on the Navy's plebe team. In 1962 he was a sophomore. He has another season of eligibility, and by then he will be 24 years old.)

If Roger Staubach decides that he is not a career Navy man and wishes to go sailing on the ocean of a \$100,000 pro contract, which almost any owner in the NFL or AFL would gleefully offer, there are just three ways for him to do it. He must get married before his final year begins, fail his grades or flunk his physical. The Navy would frown profoundly on any one of these actions.

No one is likely to learn Roger Staubach's intentions in a postgame interview. At Durham, N.C., after Staubach had led Navy past Duke 38-25 in a game that grew much more theatrical than Hardin had anticipated, a group of well-wishers, relatives, reporters and photographers stared at dressing room guards for an hour while naval brass entered and departed. Finally Budd Thalman an-



NAVY'S SHELTERED STAUBACH HASTILY SIGNS SIGNATURE WHILE AN ARM BECKONS

nounced that he would produce "Rog."

Staubach appeared in his Navy blues with his white cap under his arm and blinked pleasantly while flashbulbs popped. Thalman stood next to Roger, poised to fend off intimate questions. Hardin lit a cigar next to Thalman. The interview lasted eight minutes. It went: Fine game, Roger. Thanks. Tired? Sure am. Were you worried out there? Sure was. You like to run or pass best? I like to pass. You seem to enjoy getting trapped and then running. It's fun when I make a gain. Guess you're looking forward to Army? ("Beat Army," said Thalman.) Sure am. What do you think of all your notoriety, Roger? I like to read the papers after we win. How about during the week? I don't read 'em before we play. Take a lot of razzing from the team? Sure do. It's all in good fun, though. These are all great guys. Why are both of your knees taped? ("New-style uniform," said Hardin hastily. "If it goes over, we'll put it on the market. Heh. Heh. Well, Rog, you're keeping 43 other boys waiting on the bus.")

A photographer moved in about three feet from Staubach, crouched down and

aimed up for a portrait shot. Thalman pressed his hand against the photographer's shoulder, smiled, wiggled his finger like a teacher telling a child he has been naughty and said, "Too close." Staubach lingered over a couple more questions, and Hardin said, "Forty-three other boys waiting, Roger. Let's go."

Outside Staubach stopped to sign autographs for four teen-agers. Hardin stepped in. "Write the academy, boys. He'll send you an autographed picture. Let's go, Rog." With that, Roger Staubach disappeared into the custody of his keepers, not to reappear until another Saturday.

The Saturday that may—or may not—transcend all others is the Saturday of Nov. 30. The marching and singing of the midshipmen and cadets always—even in a less tragic time—provides football with its most extraordinary setting. Once the flashing figure of Roger Staubach appears, the question of Navy public relations becomes incidental. For Navy, for Army, and certainly for millions of Americans, Staubach's true measure can be taken only on the field of action.

END



A VERY HARD LOOK AT FOOTBALL

The 1963 Silver Anniversary award winners compare the value of the game today with the 1938 version

by **REX LARDNER**

Each year millions of Americans attend college football games (22 million last year). Their pulses stir to the brave music of collegiate marching bands parading across the white-lined green of football stadiums, and they respond as a heaving, oceanic mass to starting plays on the field. Away from the stadiums, many millions more bask in the glory, past and present, of their alma maters. A game of football, educators have admitted, some ruefully, provides a rallying point for alumni, brings back a flood of lively memories and instills the spectator with pride at being included in this important and colorful part of the American fabric. The spectacle is precise, polished and generally admirable.

At the same time, however, several

FITZ ALL-AMERICA MARSHALL GOLDBERG

aspects of modern football trouble educators, college administrators and, in some cases, coaches, athletic directors and even alumni. And with reason. Many coaches are made to feel that they must win consistently if they are to hold their jobs—and this in turn leads to a multitude of sins. Alumni are sent combing the country for talented prospects and offer exotic inducements, including cash, for players to attend their colleges. In some cases, team practices are brutal and bloody—the hired player being considered a piece of meat who must produce on Saturday or leave school. Some schools lower academic standards for the athletic specialist. Others allow him to spare his intellect for the most impor-

The confrontation of amateur sport by crude commercialism is not new. Though it may have been forgotten, deep concern over morality in sports was as prevalent 25 years ago as it is today. "Football will suffer if steps are not taken to correct the evil of semiprofessionalism," asserted an Ivy League coach during the season of 1938.

"The trouble with football," echoed a prominent leader in the field of education, "is the money in it. Football is carried on for the monetary profit of the college through the entertainment of the public."

During the football season of 25 years ago, both the newspapers and the public were up in arms about overzealous re-

tempts to restore football on a modest scale were met by students staging the first football sit-down strike in history. The strike delayed but did not prevent Chicago's game with North Central College of Naperville, a suburb of Chicago. The Chicago University student council expressed an apprehension that the university would make a return to big-time football. While the student demonstration might have been more prankish than earnest, it does point up the fact that college students, as well as their elders, continue to worry about the effects of the pressures of big-time football.

Is their concern justified? To find out, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* solicited the opinions of the 25 Silver Anniversary award



AWARD WINNERS (FROM LEFT): JEROME HOLLAND, VICTOR BOTTARI, DAVEY D'BRIEN AND EDWARD ROCK WERE 1938 ALL-AMERICANS

tant pursuits (such as X-39 sweep with power) by taking courses like bart casting and roller skating.

Abuses and the specter of abuses have become so worrisome, in fact, that the National Football Foundation, an organization that regards the celebration of college football as its chief reason for being, sounded a warning this fall in its publication, *Footballer*. "We believe," it wrote, "that football has been misused in many parts of this country and in many institutions by overzealous alumni, by hotel promoters, by Chambers of Commerce, by Downtown Quarterback and Booster Clubs, by people not connected with any college, who have used the game for financial gain or for vicarious thrill. In many communities these people and these influences bedevil the coach and the college administration."

cruciating and the practice of paying players to attend college. The finger of scorn was pointed at Coach Elmer Layden of Notre Dame, whose team was a fearsome power in the Midwest. Thanks to shrewd recruiting, Layden's collection of varsity players included 42 football captains of parochial and public high school teams. At Harvard 700 student sportsmen complained to police that a gambler had welshed on \$8,000 worth of wagers. More than a score of freshman football players at the University of Pittsburgh had down an ultimatum: either the university would pay their tuition, room, board and certain other expenses or they would quit the team. And in the Midwest, Robert Maynard Hutchins was in the process of dissolving intercollegiate football at the University of Chicago.

Three weeks ago Chicago's recent at-

tempt to restore football on a modest scale were met by students staging the first football sit-down strike in history. The strike delayed but did not prevent Chicago's game with North Central College of Naperville, a suburb of Chicago. The Chicago University student council expressed an apprehension that the university would make a return to big-time football. While the student demonstration might have been more prankish than earnest, it does point up the fact that college students, as well as their elders, continue to worry about the effects of the pressures of big-time football.

Is their concern justified? To find out, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* solicited the opinions of the 25 Silver Anniversary award winners of 1963 (SI, Nov. 11)—varsity players graduated in 1939, who have since distinguished themselves as leaders in the communities in which they live. These men represent every geographical section of the country and come from large and small colleges. Five were All-Americans, and another, Bill Osmanski, became one of pro football's finest players. All were asked to evaluate the ethical standards of college football today and to compare them with those they knew 25 years ago. To get a fuller picture, they were asked many specific questions about the game then and now, among them the following:

continued



WINNERS REV. RAY H. MONTGOMERY (LEFT), MARTIN F. HILFINGER, JOHN HLAVACEK AND DONALD MCNEIL AS THEY LOOK TODAY

both the good and possible evil in football today, would you play now if you were just entering college? Would you advise your own or other boys to play?

In general, the Silver Anniversary award winners are satisfied, even pleased with the present state of football. Three-quarters of them believe that the game has improved, that it is faster, more exciting to watch and better played. They attribute this to increased specialization brought about by the platoon system, improved equipment, the example set by professional ball (which young players can see on TV) and expanded skills resulting from better coaching. Many, however, recognize that with these improvements have come less desirable changes—an impersonal relationship between coach and player and increased commercialization. While most were reluctant to say so directly, their statements reflected a somewhat wistful feeling for the simpler past. One who is strong on the point is, surprisingly, Allie Reynolds, the member of the group who achieved the greatest fame as an athlete. A fullback at Oklahoma State and later an inspired pitcher with the New York Yankees, Reynolds said: "I don't think football is as much fun today. It's too mechanized. The players are too tightly fitted into an assembly line. Football is not as rewarding an experience now, despite the prestige gained by big football schools."

Similarly, the Rev. Ray Montgomery recalls football as a less complex game when he played. "I had an alley, two yards wide, over and under which no one could pass," says the former De-

Pauw guard, now pastor of the Christian Church in Speedway, Ind. "Offensively, we knew that the defense was fixed in place. We knew within a yard where every player would be. Today the players stunt, block, cross-block, leave great holes. Your opponent taxes your ability to readjust. He's more nifty and elusive." But Mr. Montgomery had a good time playing football. "If they have more fun today," he says, "more power to them. We enjoyed it, though."

Robert D. O'Brien, better known as Davey during his All-America days as a passing tailback at TCU, thinks today's football is a great deal like the game he played but, for obvious reasons, he is concerned about the fate of the small man. Now in the automobile business in Fort Worth, O'Brien says that "the 5-foot-7 man like myself is pretty much a thing of the past. He is discouraged at the outset, and some good prospects are probably overlooked."

But assembly-line methods are precisely what appeal most to Donald McNeil, former center at Southern California and now head of the J. A. McNeil Company, a construction firm. McNeil is intrigued by the fact that today's game is more intricate. "It requires more mental capacity and greater concentration," he says. "Today's player must be able to learn five times more plays than he did in our era. He must be bigger and faster. He gets better coaching, wears better equipment, plays on better fields and executes his assignments better. Small-time football is as good today as big-time football was 25 years ago."

Former Holy Cross and Chicago Bear

Fullback Bill Osmanski, now a practicing dentist and a lecturer on dentistry at Northwestern, agrees. "Since the advent of the T formation," he says, "there is more deception and more interesting play. It's a better game with free substitution."

The award winners are evenly divided over whether the game is rougher today than it was, and some cite the same facts to support opposite points of view. V. Earl McCaleb, for instance, former cop captain at Abilene Christian and now an insurance agent, thinks it was rougher in 1938. "There have been rule changes designed to do away with roughness. There are stiff penalties for roughing the passer or kicker and piling on. Today's player can afford to play a little harder—but not rougher—because equipment has improved. Mouthpieces protect the teeth, and face guards on the helmet protect the face. We always had several players get their teeth knocked out. I got my nose broken, which I don't think would have happened if I had been wearing the face guard they have today."

"Face cages add from 30° to 40°," to the bravery of today's players," thinks Mr. Montgomery. "A split lip, peeled nose and cut tongue were the badges worn proudly on Saturday night 25 years ago. Today you can come out of a game with a face looking like an ad." But he believes deliberate roughness is the great exception in present-day college football. "The real weapon of today is the forearm," he says.

Robert W. Gibson, who was center on the Dartmouth team and is now vice-president of a Minneapolis lawn-mower

continued



Give your family "The Gift that Keeps on Giving..." RCA Victor Color TV!

For 1964 - a new and brighter Color TV-brighter than ever before! Unsurpassed Natural Color from RCA Victor!

The Performance-Proved Color TV for '64 is New Vista® by RCA Victor. It gives you clearer, sharper pictures than ever before in unsurpassed natural color. It is definitely the finest color television ever designed by RCA—pioneer and developer of color television.

In 1960, when RCA introduced the High Fidelity Color Picture Tube, it was up to 50% brighter than any previous color tube. Now another brilliant advance—New Vista for 1964—brings you an even better, even brighter, color picture! Improved electronic circuitry guard against interference and picture distortion. And

RCA Victor has famous "Golden Throat" static-free FM sound. What's more, you get the dependability of Space Age Sealed Circuitry.



The Radnor—lowest priced RCA Victor Color TV ever!

RCA Victor Color TV has been performance-proved in hundreds of thousands of homes. See the wide choice of styles and models, starting at a new low price of \$449.95—manufacturer's nationally advertised price, optional with dealer, for the Radnor, shown. Prices, specifications subject to change. Remember—more people own RCA Victor Television than any other kind—black and white or color!



The Most Trusted Name in Television

Trademark

concern, agrees with Mr. Montgomery. "More talented athletes are playing for keeps as if their livelihood depended on it. With pro scouts in the stands almost every week, they are virtually playing for a contract."

Probably closer to the problem of roughness, both legal and illegal, than any other award winner, Dr. Daniel F. Hanley, college physician at Bowdoin and an authority on athletic injuries, believes that the game is no rougher among schools the size of Bowdoin but that it is in bigger schools. "This is a direct result," he says, "of officials and players seeing the pros pile on every Sunday. They figure this is the way things should be done. In the college game the ball is dead when it's grounded. Filing on is done just to hurt other players. The number of football injuries would be reduced if piling on were stopped."

Thirteen of the Silver Anniversary winners think football is more commercial now than it was 25 years ago. "Because of increased gate receipts," says Edward J. Bock, former Iowa State All-America guard and a vice-president of the Monsanto Chemical Company, "football is big business now. But this is not bad. In fact, I feel it is desirable. As long as the NCAA polices the schools and requires that they each maintain the same standards of conduct regarding athletes, I see no evil."

But Brigadier General John W. Dobson, who played end for Army and currently heads the Antilles Command in Puerto Rico, disapproves of what he calls hypocrisy in college football. "I'm in favor of letting the professionals play pro football and the schools play amateur football," he says. "Schools are getting involved in huge stadium investments, and to pay them off they have to draw crowds by fielding a winning team week after week. If three-fourths of our big football factories were honest they would come right out and hire a football team to represent them. Except for the Ivy League and the military academies, the football team does not belong to the student body. Football should be looked at as a game and not as a business or a method of advertising your college."

Those award winners who went to small colleges and who have kept in close touch with football at similar schools feel that the schools have kept their sense of proportion. "At my college, Colgate," says Howard L. Jones, president of

Northfield and Mr. Hermon preparatory schools in Northfield, Mass., "football does not 'wag the dog.' It is played with zest—we enjoy winning—but the general conviction is that what happens in the classroom is of greatest importance."

The contrast between the attitude toward football at a large university and a small college is pointed out by Dr. Martin Hilfinger, who was co-captain at Hamilton College in Clinton, N.Y., and is now involved in cancer-research projects. "At the 'emphasis' schools, the attitude is almost ridiculous. The only goal is making the top 10 and then going on to a bowl to add to the school's finances. A coach's job can be at stake on the outcome of a single game. If the whole interest is to win at any cost, the game is not a good influence. Football should be only part of a student's life. Many schools have lost all sense of proportion in their efforts to recruit players. I'm not aware of any college seeking out prospective top scholars."

Only four of the 1963 award winners thought that today's players were apt to be tempted by gamblers, and all of these attributed this more to the times than to football. "In every area of society," says V. Earl McCaleb, "there has been a general breakdown in high moral standards of conduct. Society fails to condemn such things as cheating, dishonesty, immorality. Everything is easier nowadays for the unscrupulous."

Some of the award winners, in contrast, feel that only extremely rarely will a player be susceptible to bribery. Fred W. Hertzmann Jr., former guard at Northwestern and now a bank president in Chicago, says flatly, "College football players are not and never have been an easy prey to gamblers."

Opinion was sharply divided when the question of present-day recruiting practices was considered. Allie Reynolds feels that overzealous recruiting causes many athletes to become more interested in sports than in education. He is in favor of holding a college's recruiting to a specified geographical area.

"The number of good players coming out of high school is limited," points out Jerome (Brad) Holland, an All-America end for Cornell and now president of Hampton Institute in Hampton, Va., "so there is bound to be overemphasis on the true worth of the sought-after

player in relationship to the need of the college. In the larger, state-supported schools, where a winning football team brings in money for other activities, recruiting is much more aggressive than it used to be."

Fred Hertzmann speaks with approval of the Big Ten grant-in-aid program. "A prospective student," he says, "must have a satisfactory mark in his class and a minimum college board score before he can even be considered by a Big Ten school. Once admitted, he must maintain a certain average to continue to receive aid. There still remains in some schools the practice of allowing athletes to take courses that require little effort to pass, and this is a bad influence."

Opinion was divided, too, on the influence wielded by alumni on the football team. Victor Bottari, the All-America from California, and Dr. Charles Sprague, who played at SMU, think alumni pressure on the school to field a winning team and their efforts to induce players to attend their school have decreased. "Alumni are saner nowadays," says Bottari, an insurance man now.

"When I went to school," recalls Dr. Sprague, Dean of Tulane's School of Medicine, "conference rules were not so stringent, and the scramble for talent was more informal. So it was quite possible that a good high school player would be offered a convertible to attend a particular college."

An entirely opposite view is expressed by Allie Reynolds. "Alumni pressure," he says, "is evident in every phase of present-day football except the actual conduct of the game itself. This is obvious from the great lengths schools go to to build winning teams."

Would they play football again? Almost unanimously, yes. The Reverend Robert Green, however, would not. A former captain of the Harvard team and currently rector of St. Matthew's Parish in Wilton, Conn., Mr. Green thinks football took up too much of his time. "After viewing it from a perspective of 25 years," he says, "I wish I had divided my time into more activities."

Almost all the rest speak highly of football, citing benefits derived from it that cannot be obtained anywhere else. "There is the travel, the sense of achievement, the solid friendships," says Dr. Holland. "You learn to budget your time and make it meaningful. What I learned under Coach Snavely was to

continued

Got a coffee lover on your gift list?



You can't miss with a unique gift like this... an electric Coffee Mill by KitchenAid. Perfect for people who really enjoy a good cup of coffee, for people who wish their coffee tasted as good as freshly ground coffee smells. Those who know good coffee will tell you the secret lies in grinding whole beans fresh just before brewing... before the delicate flavor-giving oils begin to evaporate.

So, this Christmas, give the gift that will bring the best possible coffee every day for years—a KitchenAid Coffee Mill. Only \$27.75; in sandalwood or white. For details, clip the coupon. Just say Pedro told you to.



ELECTRIC COFFEE MILL by **KitchenAid**

KitchenAid Electric Coffee Mill, Model KCM-1
The Modern Mechanical Company, Inc. 1984

☐ Tell me more ☐ When can I buy?

What's my check and me (quantity) (check)
(\$27.75 each, postage prepaid)

Name _____

Street _____

City and State _____

FOOTBALL TODAY continued

take defeat without becoming frustrated. To look forward to a better day. Some kids can go all through college and not learn defeat. But in football you may get your head knocked off one day and go right back the next, determined to do better."

"Perhaps I would have gotten better grades if I had not devoted the time to football," says Dr. Sprague. "But the experience I gained more than offset what I missed from not taking part in other student activities. There's something about hard physical contact that is valuable to a man. At the time it's an outlet, but in addition it teaches you to accept adversity and to profit from your mistakes."

Brigadier General Dobson points out another value. "The basic problem of prejudice," he says, "is a failure to develop respect for the other fellow. In a contact sport like football, where everyone on the field is accepting the same blows and trying to win for his team, you develop that respect and there is no room for prejudice."

"Football is good for the player," says former All-America Marshall Goldberg, now a vice-president of Emerman Machine Corp. in Chicago. "General MacArthur has stated many times that if he had to pick a man to carry out an important job, he'd pick the one who had played college football. He can stand the knocks and disappointments better."

Nearly all the award winners would recommend that a boy play football at college—but with qualifications. Dr. Hanley believes the football player should take up at least one other sport that has carryover value, such as tennis, golf or swimming. Several thought too many pressures were brought to bear on the big-time college player and recommended football at the smaller schools, but NBC Foreign Correspondent John Havacek thinks the choice should depend on the boy's size. "If he is small in size," says Havacek, a former tackle at Carleton, "he would be better off at a small college. But if he is big and talented, I would recommend a larger college, to let him realize the most from his ability. Small-college football is a lot of fun to play, but I see nothing wrong with a boy attending a big school, forgetting about the fun and working hard to make it with the pros. Football players are valuable pieces of property. There is no reason why the boy shouldn't benefit by let-

ting someone make use of that property."

"I would advise a player," says Davey O'Brien, "to choose a school that offered him what he wanted to study. Next I would tell him that he should play football under the best coach he could find—and I don't mean the best football strategist or the coach with the best record. I feel the character of the coach the boy plays under is more important than whether he plays big-time or small-time football. I played under Dutch Meyer, and there's no keener competitor. But he always taught us that there was something more to the game than having to win all the time. His first concern was always each boy as an individual."

A kicker and passer at Yale, Gilbert W. Humphrey, chairman of M. A. Hanna Company of Cleveland, has two sons at that university. George is center and captain and Watts is a sophomore on the varsity. Like O'Brien, Humphrey stresses the importance of the coach. "I can't say enough for John Pont," he says. "His relationship with the players is much closer than the one we had with the coaches 25 years ago." He is pleased that players get no special privileges at Yale. "My sons have to take the same courses, and they must maintain the same grades. They don't have to play football. They play it because they like it."

Thus the game of college football—with its rule changes, more intricate formations, greater wealth of plays—remains, despite overemphasis at some schools, as much a builder of the character of today's sophisticated players as it was 25 years ago. As for the alleged increase of abuses, the situation is best summed up by Herman Weirs, who played football at Case Institute and is now a vice-president at General Electric.

"Twenty-five years ago, social, political and economic problems seemed quite remote," he says. "Today we are all involved in them. We are also involved more in morality. Exposing abuses in any field is a popular activity. What might have gone on 25 years ago in collegiate football and been completely overlooked is carefully scrutinized today. I don't believe there was much corruption in college football when I played, and I don't believe there is much corruption today. And I don't believe it will grow corrupt. The people interested in the game won't let it."

END

Argus quality

means
a little bit
more...



It's the "little bit more" that makes precision crafted Argus the finest photographic equipment you can give or receive. Argus quality assures a lifetime of pleasure from the sight and sound of good times, wonderful places and treasured moments spent with family and friends. Argus quality is so fine that every Argus camera and projector is unconditionally guaranteed for a full year, even against accidental damage.* Argus is given with pride—received with appreciation.

Express your thoughtfulness with an Argus quality gift, thoughtfully priced from \$18.95 to \$270. Choose from Automatic Color Slide Cameras... Single Lens Reflex Cameras... Remote Control Slide Projectors... All-Electric Movie Cameras... Automatic Loading Movie Projectors... Stereo High Fidelity Tape Recorders.

If you are looking for a gift that will mean so much more to some very special person, make sure you ask for Argus.

argus



*The Incredible Argus Guarantee—Every Argus camera and projector is unconditionally guaranteed for one full year. If it fails to operate properly for any reason—defects, or even accidents or from dropping, hanging, fire, water or children—just get the product back to us and we'll fix it and return it free, including parts and labor. Argus Inc., Park Ridge, Illinois 60066.

When a youngster takes up a sport—golf, for instance—cut-down clubs and a lopsided ball will do. After all, today's fascination with golf may tomorrow turn to horses, baseball, boats or girls. But if his interest in golf persists and his ability is obvious, he deserves the best equipment available. In the past few years the manufacturers of sporting goods have begun to take the junior athlete seriously enough to develop equipment scaled specially to his needs. The best of the lot is gathered here and photographed in use by 10-year-old boys and girls—an age at which a rubber football or a toy racket is viewed with scorn. However, let parents take warning well ahead of Christmas that junior sporting goods can be senior in

THE MINIATURE McCOY

price as well as performance. The price of the baseball glove—\$40—may make a father gag, but if the boy keeps it well-oiled (and doesn't lose it) his own son will use it someday. The same is true of the fiber-glass spinning rod. At bat, on a horse or making a first down, a child needs gear that allows him to function freely and at the same time protects him. Certainly no one would want his son swimming around underwater with cut-rate scuba gear. The junior golfer can have clubs that equal in balance and design the ones his father uses, but modeled to his size. His golf ball should be round, too. That's only fair.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN KETNER



On the riding trail East may differ with West about boots and how to sit a saddle, but for junior cowboys and Central Park equestriennes the quality of saddle leather is as important as the quality of horseflesh. Eric Lenes, on his palomino, wears the same brush-resistant denims favored by older cowpokes (\$4, Levi Strauss), a Westerner's shirt of checked gingham (\$4, Levi Strauss), boots made by a noted Texas bootmaker (\$26.50, Justin) and a half-pint Stetson (\$12). A cowboy's best friend is his saddle, and Eric's is

hand-tooled (\$177). It, like his bridle (\$19.75) and saddle blanket (\$6), is made in Texas cow country (Tex Tan). Lark MacDonald, on her chestnut hack, is properly turned out in a fitted tweed hacking jacket (\$29), yellow broadcloth ratcatcher shirt (\$5.50), jodhpurs of cavalry twill (\$20), velveteen hunt cap with hard protective lining (\$14), jodhpur boots (\$11) and ridge-palmed capeskin gloves (\$6). Her saddle is the best available for its price (\$125 without fittings by Stubben of West Germany). All are from Miller's Harness Shop, New York.



Boys' team sports demand equipment as effective as that used by professionals. The plastic batting helmet at Ricky Maxwell's feet is mandatory for Little League batters and base runners. It has a shock-resistant suspension cradle (\$9.25, Wilson). Ricky's uniform is like that of the Chicago Cubs (\$17.50 for suit, \$5.75 for hat, both by Wilson). His shoes have rubber spikes for safety (\$6.75, Spalding). His red bat is made by the batmaker to Mickey Mantle (\$3.20, Hillerich & Bradsby). To a fielder the glove is as precious as

a saddle to a cowboy—so Ricky's is a scaled-down pro model (\$40, Wilson). The ball is Little League regulation (\$2.40, Spalding). John Creamer's football helmet is padded inside and out, protects wearer and opponents (\$13.45, Rawlings). His shoes have rubber cleats (\$7.95, Rawlings). His pants are padded at thigh, knee, kidney (\$10.95, MacGregor), and his jersey comes in NFL colors (\$4.60, MacGregor). Shoulder pads are of light molded plastic (\$13.50, MacGregor). Football is junior in size, not in quality (\$13.25, Spalding).



This Sprite sailboat by George O'Day of Boston, manned by young Mary Larkin Hughes, is one of the best all-round trainers for junior sailors. It is a 10-footer of fiber glass and converts from a catboat to a sloop (\$575 without sails). Mary's foul-weather suit is from Norway (\$20.95, Fulton Supply, New York). Skin diving requires the best of equipment. The wet jacket worn by Niles Jaeger comes in boys' sizes for the first time this month (\$22.95, U.S. Divers). His mask (\$3.95, U.S. Divers), fins (\$5.95, AMF-Volt) and

snorkel (\$1.95, Healthways) are all of salt-resistant rubber. The 42-cu.-ft. tank (\$43.45) and Scuba Star regulator (\$34.95) are from Healthways. The backpack is a single-tank design, suitable for children (\$18.95, AMF-Volt). A boy's fishing rod should be light yet sturdy, like the fiber-glass spinning rod being used by Calvin Waters (\$13.95). It and the reel (\$31.50) are by Orvis and can be used in salt or fresh water. Calvin's other gear includes a net (\$10.25, Orvis), tackle box (\$3.25, Stratton & Terstegge's) and a belt bait box (98¢, Ross).



Golf and tennis are sports demanding equipment fitted correctly to the player. They are also sports in which champions often start to become champions before they leave grammar school. Future champion Marshall Smith swings a club from a set designed specially for the junior golfer. The two woods, four irons and putter are scaled-down models of Jackie Burke's favorite clubs (\$54 with bag, MacGregor). Marshall's golf jacket is a boy-sized version of the famous Drizzler (\$9, McGregor), and his shorts are

India madras (\$7, McGregor). His shoes (\$13, Wolverine) are made with nonslip soles to grip the fairways. Anne Thompson's racket is a Jack Kramer model, made smaller and lighter for younger players (\$16, Wilson). Her cable-knit tennis sweater is just like those worn by tournament players (\$14.50, De Pinna). Her white tennis shirt is of cotton mesh (\$3, Saks Fifth Avenue), and Fred Perry makes her pleated skirt in a wash-and-wear fabric (\$12, S. J. Feron). Her Jack Purcell sneakers are for grass or clay courts (\$8.95, B. F. Goodrich).



Ski equipment for kids puts such a big hole in the budget that many areas have ski-swap clubs. New equipment worn here at Loveland Basin, Colo. covers a wide range of use. Tom McHugh puts on steel-edged wood skis (\$20) with Allais toe-piece and cable (\$12, all by A&T). His aluminum poles (\$5, Mark-Fore), boots (\$18.50, Nordica), quilted parka (\$20, White Stag) and foam-insulated stretch pants (\$15, Edelweiss) are for recreational skiers. Laurie Wren wears a Tyrolean jacket (\$20) and hat (\$7, both by Hajek) with

corduroy knickers (\$14) and leather mittens (\$7, both by Iselin). Her wood skis (\$17, Intersport) are excellent for beginners, as are her Junior bindings (\$9, Dovre) and her poles (\$3.50, Barrecrafters). Her boots are Speedfits (\$30, Henke). Fastest man on the hill is John Ennis in a racer's jacket (\$18, Butwin), pants (\$18.50) and gloves (\$11, both by Nor-Pol). His skis are for junior racers (\$112.50, Head), as are his poles (\$16, Scott-USA) and double boot (\$25, Dolomite). He uses a Marker toe-piece (\$11), Dovre cable (\$6), Iselin helmet (\$20).



THE PLAY-MONEY GAME THAT

Founded on a kitchen table in a Depression-era
pastime and initially rejected because it contained



MADE MILLIONS

'52 fundamental errors,' Monopoly has reigned for 30 years as the most popular board game in the country **by J. F. WILKINSON**

In 1935, when more than five years of Depression had sapped the country's spirit and when the lack of money had left almost everyone in a continuous state of apprehension, a game called Monopoly appeared. It offered Americans a chance to be the economic swash-bucklers they used to think they were. It let them handle large sums of money freely, and it permitted them to buy and sell property and privileges, collect rents, mortgage land, win or lose a fortune in minutes, gouge cash from their enemies and ruin their friends. As they risked erecting a cheap hotel in the run-down section of Mediterranean and Baltic avenues—being a slum landlord can have its benefits—or took their last Monopoly dollar to plunge for a single house on exclusive Park Place—nerve-racking social climbing—the players entered a world that fact and fate had denied them. Happily, Depression times and moods are gone now, but the pastime that seemed so perfectly suited to the era is still emphatically present. Unchanged by prosperity, inflation, the two-car garage or the two-bowl sink, Monopoly remains the country's biggest-selling board game.

Monopoly was just the thing for a Depression-ridden people. It sold more than one million sets the year it was introduced. Demand was so heavy that it broke down the order-processing system of the surprised and quite undepressed producer, Parker Brothers, Inc., of Salem, Mass. The rush of business prior to Christmas of 1935 left the company gasping. When Christmas passed, Parker Bros. expected a breather, but what it got was a deluge. The game had been a gift sensation, and almost everyone who played on one of the sets wanted a board of his own. Clerks had to spread dozens of laundry baskets on the floors in offices and halls to serve as rough files merely to handle the telegraphed orders.

In its 28 years, Monopoly has far outsold all other proprietary games (chess, checkers, playing cards, etc., are not patented). Almost all game companies are privately owned, and the operators surround their sales figures with the kind of secrecy Dior devotes to its hemline-plans, but it is generally agreed in the trade that Monopoly has been the top-selling game every year since it came out, with the possible exception of two years in the mid-50's when the Scrabble craze reached its crest. Asked about the chance

continued

of Scrabble having ever passed Monopoly, Parker Bros. executive vice-president and grandnephew of the founder Edward Parker, has several things to say. They can best be summarized as, "Don't be silly."

Because of the statistics gap, the full extent of Monopoly's popularity is hard to measure. Parker executives admit to annual sales of one million to two million sets in recent years, which is about like General Motors confessing it does, perhaps, make automobiles. Parker's confession of total sales runs from 35 to 40 million. Once the company has said this much, it points out that the number of households in the U.S. is about 55 million. Noting that many persons have played Monopoly even though their households do not own sets, Parker Bros. executives conclude that there are few Americans who have not tried the game at least once. You can go up to almost any literate American older than 10 and say: "Go directly to jail. Do not pass Go. Do not collect \$200," and he will surely know that you are talking about Monopoly. Not even the great have missed the game. Many Washington diplomats play it, and Winston Churchill once did, too. It is a favorite on the nuclear-powered submarine *Seawolf*, especially during its two-month underwater cruises, and a Pentagon exhibit of a

model fallout shelter included a Monopoly set in the survival stocks.

In the early years of Monopoly's popularity, the experts in the games industry explained its success on the grounds that Monopoly gave people a pleasurable illusion of wealth. But time has proved that this analysis is far too unsophisticated, since Monopoly now thrives amidst relative peace and plenty. Fortune was closer when it said that Monopoly is "a game that caters to the most grudgingly acquisitive instincts of every businessman. The idea is to squeeze out all your fellow players until you own the whole board. The more you own, the more you make." And everybody knows that all Americans are businessmen at heart. "Monopoly evokes a unique emotion, the surge of thrill you get when you know you've wiped out a friend," said Comedian Shelley Berman recently.

Like alcohol, Monopoly will often bring out and then exaggerate the worst side of people's personalities. A quiet evening around the Monopoly board is not necessarily quiet. Dad, who has for a lifetime affected to be sober and responsible, reveals himself as a reckless clown, a ne'er-do-much, willing to risk his all on a throw of the dice. Mummy, seemingly tenderhearted and everyone's pal, omits to notify a distracted child

that her token stands on one of his properties and laughs when she gets the dice and moves on without paying rent. The children turn on each other and the adults like loan sharks pursuing destitute widows. Two years ago a 15-year-old Pennsylvania boy gave a friend an almost fatal beating. "I don't know why Dickie would do a thing like that," the victim's mother told the police. "The boys were good friends. This very afternoon they spent four hours together playing Monopoly."

Monopoly came into existence in 1933 on a kitchen table in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia. Charles Darrow, the inventor, was in a typical American squeeze for those days. A heating-equipment salesman, he had not had a real job in three years. He was the father of one child, and his wife was about to have another. He knew heating, and he could see that his outlook was pretty cold. The situation cried out for diversions, but the only entertainment the Darrows or their friends could afford was to visit with each other and talk about their mutual miseries.

One day, working with a piece of oilcloth, Darrow devised a game for his family and his friends to play. Reflecting on more prosperous times, when he and his wife could afford to take vacations, he sketched out along the edge of the oilcloth the names of streets in that American dream resort, Atlantic City. He ended his game with a square for the Boardwalk itself. Using play money and a pair of dice, the Darrows and their neighbors spent their evenings buying, renting, developing and selling Atlantic City's real estate.

His friends liked Monopoly, so he made a few sets for them. Soon friends of friends wanted sets, and Darrow began to make some to sell, turning out two sets a day and letting them go for what he felt was a monopoly like price of \$4 each. The demand grew rapidly and, by contracting out board production to a job printer, Darrow raised his output to six sets a day. He found he could produce houses and hotels rapidly by cutting them from lengths of wooden molding. Monopoly sales quickly overtook his production capacity, and he decided to copyright the game.

When Philadelphia department stores began to order Monopoly sets wholesale, Darrow realized he had a neat monopoly of his own. He took the game to the

continued



The Government analyzed what a family was going to need if suddenly faced with a few weeks in a sandbagged dungeon. It suggested taking in food and water and....

One whisky has
a special kind of taste.
Imported V.O.

One whisky has combined
lightness and a brilliance of taste.
Imported V.O.

One whisky
most people like the very
first time they taste it.
Seagram's Imported



Distilled
and bottled
in Canada

Known by the company it keeps



Christmas is the Paper♥Mating Season!



CAPRI MARK IV.
in gleaming champagne
All new chrome just \$42.95



LADY CAPRI.
in a rainbow of
dazzling colors, \$29.95

All Paper Mate pens are
a nationally gift boxed.



CAPRI.
\$49.95 Also available with
a matching pencil, both, \$59.95



PIGGY BACK.
only pen with a built-in
pencil refill, \$31.95

Give **PAPER:MATE** pens for Christmas

Massachusetts firm of Parker Bros., the world's largest publisher of games. Accustomed to turning out such unorthodox fun as *Reek*, *Authors*, the *Winnie-The-Pooh* game and *Flinch*, Parker Bros. executives shied at *Monopoly*. The games they produced could be explained in a few sentences. Since its establishment in 1883, the company had never had a successful game that took more than 45 minutes to play. Darrow's game had complicated rules, involved a number of concepts that might confuse people—mortgages, interest, deeds—and took an evening to play.

"We had it for weeks, playing with it," says Edward Parker. "We liked it, but we felt the general public wouldn't, because it took too long to play." Eventually Parker Bros. rejected *Monopoly*, advising Darrow tartly that "your game has 52 fundamental errors."

This annoyed Darrow. He returned to Philadelphia and ordered 5,000 *Monopoly* sets made. Sales continued briskly, and Wanamaker's department store in Philadelphia began ordering the game in gross lots. By Christmas 1934, Darrow was working 14 hours a day trying to keep up with his shipping orders. Word of this got back to Salem, where Parker Bros. was beginning to wonder if 52 errors were really too many after all. Early in 1935 the company offered

Darrow an attractive royalty contract. Darrow accepted with considerable relief. At the same time Parker bought up the patent of a Virginia woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips, who had invented a vaguely similar game.

Parker Bros. refined *Monopoly*, clarified the rules, and suggested a version that could be played in less time. The company then introduced it through a nationwide advertising campaign, and it was an immediate success. In 1937 Charles Darrow was able to retire for life. He was then 46, and is now a millionaire gentleman farmer living in Bucks County, Pa.

"When we first put out *Monopoly*, we saw it as a game for adults, as too tough for kids," says Edward Parker. "We thought it would sell for maybe three years. Our sales went up and up and up in the beginning, and then they began to go down. We assumed this was it. Then, suddenly, sales began to go up again, and they never have fallen off. What happened was that children learned the game from their parents and liked it, too."

In 1935, when *Monopoly* was introduced, a cup of coffee cost 5¢, a fifth of Scotch cost \$3, you could get an orchestra seat in a Broadway theater for \$2.50, a new Buick was \$800 and Atlantic Avenue sold for \$260. Now coffee is

continued



As the Monopoly board is unfolded, adults envision a tranquil evening of family togetherness during which parents and children gain clues. Then play begins.

A&F



For Sportsmen

A&F plans the sportsman's indoor and outdoor life with two items that will keep him ready.



A&F Mahogany Tackle Boxes. Solid-brass hardware, piano hinges, leakproof rubber lid gasket. High-luster varnish finish.

Spin Box (illustrated). 13" x 7 1/2" x 7" **\$29.50**

De Luxe Box. For larger gear. Removable trays. 19 1/2" x 9" x 8 1/2" **\$2.50**



Rowing Exerciser. Has hydraulic cylinder action, adjustable tension control, adjustable handle and seat. Chrome and beige. Exercising program included. **\$99.50**

Come in, write or phone

BERCROMBIE & FITCH

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
COLORADO SPRING PORTLAND
PALM BEACH SALT LAKE



**Jim Taylor
says
"Fortunes
score
a touchdown
in style
everytime!"**

■ And take it from a man who knows what it means to score touchdowns in style, the famous back of the Green Bay Packers — Fortune shoes are loaded with the style punch that scores so heavily with young men on the go. Fortune shoes pile up points on wear and value too. See them at your local Fortune dealer . . . now.



\$795 to \$1295
most styles

POPULARITY PROVEN STYLE CHAMPIONS

Fortune

SHOES FOR YOUNG MEN

FORTUNE SHOE CO. • NASHVILLE • TENN. •

A DIVISION OF 48812625-00017

MAKING MILLIONS *continued*

15¢, Scotch is \$7, an orchestra seat is \$7.50 and Buicks start at about \$2,500. But the Atlantic Avenue property on the Monopoly board still sells for \$260. (Like most of Atlantic City, the real Atlantic Avenue prices have not stood still. They removed the streetcar tracks and widened the avenue in 1956, and a hotel there now would be a considerably larger investment than Mr. Darrow had in mind.)

"We have not thought of changing the rent values or the amount of money in the game," says Parker. "When you get a winner, you don't change it when it is going good. If we got a lot of letters complaining that rents and property values were too low, we might do something. But we haven't. The game plays as well, no matter what the numbers are." In some ways it is even more pleasant, in fact. The maximum income-tax payment in Monopoly is a paltry \$200.

Except for updating the cartoons on the Chance and Community Chest cards, Parker Bros. has hardly changed the looks of the game at all. About 10 years ago the company began to use plastic instead of wood for the green houses and the red hotels. A few persons wrote to object to this tampering, but not enough to outweigh the production advantages of plastic. And a few years ago Parker Bros. produced a Monopoly set that had metal coins for all denominations of money. The idea was that you could play Monopoly on a picnic or on the front porch without worrying about the wind blowing the money away. It did not catch on.

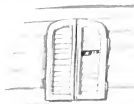
There are jokes about playing Monopoly with real money, and it may have happened recently. When Scotland Yard searched the farmhouse hideout of the robbers of the Royal Mail train last summer, investigators found a Monopoly set, but no Monopoly money. If you have £2.5 million in small bills on hand, why not?

As a producer of currency, Parker Bros. is way ahead of the Treasury Department. In making one million sets of Monopoly a year, the company turns out more than \$15 billion (in Monopoly money). During fiscal 1962, the Bureau of the Mint and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing had a combined total production of only \$7.9 billion.

The average length of a game of Monopoly is three hours, but two years ago a University of Pittsburgh fraternity kept

a game going night and day by drafting members to play in 4-to-6-hour shifts. After four days the bank was broke. The rules dogmatically state that the bank cannot go broke and suggest making your own money if this unlikely situation arises. Instead the fraternity wined Parker Bros. for help, and the company sent \$1 million by air express to save the bank. The game ran 120 hours, and this was offered as the all-time international Monopoly-playing record. A few weeks later a West Virginia University fraternity played for 132 hours, a record that apparently remains unbroken.

There are no Monopoly pros and no books written on how to play winning Monopoly. People often ask Darrow for advice, so often that all he will say now is: "Stay out of debt and own Boardwalk and Park Place." This is like saying the way to make money on the stock market is to buy low and sell high. Playing a winning game of Monopoly is actually very much like operating a successful business. You have to be aggressive, but not too aggressive. You must



Casita implied that Cuban Monopoly players might be sent "directly to jail."

stay flexible, invest enough to provide an income and save enough to deal with emergencies, such as steep rents late in the game.

Regional variations of Monopoly have sprung up in the past 28 years. Parker Bros. officials can tell by the letters they receive that new ground rules are developing around the country. People write in for clarification of rules that do not officially exist. The company assumes that many families are playing by rules that have come down by word of mouth, long after the rules sheet has disappeared.

Another indication of Monopoly's place in American life is that people are beginning to spell it with a small M, the same treatment they have been giving to such familiar articles as Jell-O, Vaseline, Scotch tape, Yo-Yo and Coke. Parker Bros. is grateful for the compliment implied, but they would be happier with a large M.

Monopoly migrated to England shortly after its success in the U.S. Since then it has been sold and played in most of the free world. Mr. Darrow, once seen natives playing it in New Guinea.

Generally, foreign countries translate Monopoly into their own real estate and currency. In England the location is London, instead of Atlantic City. Mediterranean Avenue and Baltic Avenue come out as Old Kent Road and Whitechapel Road. Boardwalk and Park Place turn into Mayfair and Park Lane. In Spain, Boardwalk translates to Paseo del Prado, in Germany it is Schlossallee and in France it is the Rue de la Paix. Instead of the railway lines serving the Atlantic City area, foreign Monopoly boards generally use railway stations, such as Gare de Lyon or King's Cross Station. In Japan, Monopoly retains all the American names and has translations underneath them. The Australians use a British board pattern. In most cases Monopoly, as a name, is still Monopoly after translation. But Italy has no *y*, so it becomes Monopoli. The Scandinavians call it Monopol.

Obviously, Monopoly is the epitome of a capitalistic game, and Communists could hardly be expected to embrace it. The game was very popular in Cuba, but when Fidel Castro took over he said it was "symbolic of an imperialistic and capitalistic system," and ordered shops to destroy all of the sets that they had in stock.

The Soviet Union banned Monopoly almost before Mr. Darrow got up from his kitchen table. But it is obvious that the game is played in the U.S.S.R. Little groups of would-be entrepreneurs, hard at play behind shuttered windows and locked doors, must be passing the sub-arctic winters buying houses for Marvin Gardens and trying to corner both utilities. During the American National Exhibition in Moscow in 1959—scene of the famed Nixon-Khrushchev kitchen debate—there were six Monopoly sets on display. By the end of the exhibit all six had been stolen.

END

**No slide projector ever
looked like this before.
Or did as much.**

**Shows 100 slides uninterrupted
with new circular tray.
Handles regular trays, too.**

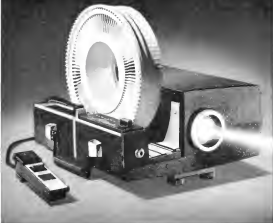
**Also takes up to 40 slides
without a tray.**

**It's a Sawyer's. Outperforms
others costing much more.**

**Available from less than \$55.
Deluxe Rotomatic® Slide
Projector shown, less than \$120.**



Makers of View-Master Products, Portland, Oregon





Sun Valley
Ski Area

The perfect place for a Winter Vacation. Skiing at its very best on dry powder snow. Over 50 Mogul-free runs and 8 Electric lifts cuts lift-waiting time to practically nothing. Outdoor ice skating and warm water swimming. After dark dining and dancing at the Lodge or the swinging Ram at the Challenger Inn.

"LEARN TO SKI" WEEKS



America's most efficient Ski School features "Contemporary Skiing" with "beginner" and "advanced" classes. 7 days, 6 nights with all lessons. Ski-Lift rides, meals, accommodations—all for \$116.^{per person}

FOR FREE COLOR FOLDER . . .
and complete rate information and details about activities and events—send coupon

Wendell McCrea
Dept. 163, Sun Valley, Idaho

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Goed and served by  Union Pacific Railroad

The big ones are yet to come

Most major teams postponed for a week their final games of the season. But Oklahoma played, and perhaps now the Sooners wish they had not

On what should have been the last full day of the college football season most college presidents, reacting swiftly and decisively to President Kennedy's assassination, postponed or canceled scheduled games. Some, however, were late in arriving at a decision. At East Lansing, Michigan State President John A. Hannah, after first announcing that the Big Ten championship game with Illinois would be played, changed his mind late Saturday morning. A few colleges decided to play anyway, but at least one of them had some late misgivings. At Miami, President Henry King Stanford came to the press box only minutes before the kickoff ready to tell the waiting crowd of 57,773 that the game with Florida had been canceled after all. He was talked out of his announcement by a member of the university's board of trustees. Most of the games drew large crowds, although some traditional contests attracted considerably less than their usual quota. Often the games were viewed with subdued attention. In almost all cases, half-time hoopla was dispensed with, and at the Kentucky-Tennessee game in Lexington the old battered beer barrel, usually claimed with a great show of exuberance by supporters of the winning team, remained untouched on the sidelines. It was not a gala day for college football.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. NAVY (9-0)
2. MITT (7-1) 3. STAGGERS (7-0)

Harvard and Yale, on the eve of their 80th game, were the first to announce that they would not play Princeton and Dartmouth, poised to meet with the Ivy League championship at stake, quickly followed suit, and by early Friday evening every eastern game, including the one between Penn State and Pitt, had been either postponed or canceled.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN STATE (9-1-1)
2. NEBRASKA (9-1) 3. ILLINOIS (8-0-0)

NEBRASKA and Oklahoma elected to play for the Big Eight title and a trip to the Orange Bowl. But Bud Wilkinson probably wishes now that they had not. His team was pounded 29-20. Despite pregame rumors about player shifts and trick plays, Husker Coach Bob Devaney decided that this was no time

to get fancy. He simply pitted strength against strength—his big, tough line against the Sooners' fast, shifty forwards—and his strategy worked handsomely. Bob Brown, Nebraska's 269-pound guard, and Lloyd Voss, a 245-pound tackle, played Oklahoma's best, Guard Ed McQuarters (240) and Tackle Ralph Neely (243), nose to nose and strangled them in the rush to get at the Sooner backs. Along with the other Husker linemen, they jarred the Oklahomans loose from five fumbles and gave up only 98 yards rushing. Meanwhile, Brown and Voss mounted a violent charge that led Rudy Johnson, Dennis Clardie, Kent McCloughan and Fred Duda to touchdowns. Only when Nebraska had a 29-7 lead did the Huskers relent. Then Oklahoma's Wes Skelton scored twice, on a 22-yard run and a 25-yard pass from Tommy Farnell. Devaney did not mind at all. He just said, "This is the biggest win of my coaching career."

Ohio U. Coach Bill Hess made no such extravagant claim, but he was just as happy. Halfback Jim Albert's 10-yard sprint got Marshall University down early 7-0, and the Bobcats held them there to win the Mid-American Conference championship 17-10. Meanwhile, Oregon, the old champion, went out gloriously. Tom Beasley smashed independent Xavier for three touchdowns. Jim Wisser rushed for 151 yards and the Falcons won 26-15. KENT STATE gave retiring (after 18 years) Coach Trevor Rees a farewell gift, a 23-0 win over Dayton.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. MISSISSIPPI (7-0-0)
2. ARIZONA (6-0) 3. MEMPHIS STATE (6-0-1)

Alabama's Bear Bryant, scotching his next hurdle before meeting Mississippi in the Sugar Bowl, was in the stands when Alcorn played Florida State. He took home at least one bit of useful information: teams should not come at the Tigers on the ground. The Seminoles tried it for a while and came away with minus two yards. They did much better when Quarterback Steve Tensi began to pass, but that was too late. Auburn Quarterback Jimmy Sidle, the nation's leading rusher, had already mashed FSU with 132 yards running, 28 passing and all three touchdowns. The Tigers won 21-15. The beat was suitably impressed, but not quite enough to keep from showing up in

continued



"the perfect gift for my man"

**the true old-style Kentucky Bourbon
handsomely wrapped at no extra cost.**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KY



EARLY TIMES

©2010 ETC



NEW NORELCO "FLOATING-HEAD" SPEEDSHAVER 30

Here's the gift of shaving comfort— Norelco with rotary blades!

What can you give the man in your life that he'll enjoy every day? The gift of shaving comfort! A Norelco with rotary blades... the *third* way to shave—the most *comfortable* way to shave close and clean!

Norelco rotary blades go round and round at an incredible 3500 revolutions per minute. They never stop or change direction. They *stroke* off whiskers so gently the face actually feels *soothed*! So why let him chance scraping, nicking or pinching?

The latest Norelco model (*above*) has the new 'floating-heads' which swivel automatically to fit every curve of the face. The new 'floating-head' Speedshaver® is just one of the many wonderful Christmas gifts you'll find

waiting for you at your Norelco dealer.

For the young shaver, there's the Norelco 'flip-top'. He'll enjoy the rotary blade shaves and you'll enjoy the popular price.

The Norelco Cordless is perfect for the traveler, outdoorsman, serviceman. With it, he can shave *anywhere*!

Newest beauty item for the ladies is the marvelous Norelco Beauty Sachet. Christmas or *anytime*... it makes a wonderful gift.

At right, you'll find a Norelco gift of shaving comfort for *everyone* on your list. See them all at your Norelco dealer!

Norelco*

Norelco gifts for every man and woman on your list!



New Norelco Flip-top Speedshaver 2D. Finest model of world's largest-selling shaver. Popular price "Flip-top" cleaning. 110 volts only (AC/DC). Smart travel case.



New Norelco Cordless Speedshaver 20C. Shaves anywhere! Battery-powered. No cord, plug-in or recharger. Rotary blades. "Flip-top" cleaning. Mirrored case.



New Lady Shaver 25L. Rotary blades shave without razor cuts. Lovely simulated-sapphire design. 110 volts (AC/DC). New low price. Handsome travel case.



New Norelco Beauty Set 25LS. A lady's complete home "beauty salon"! It's a hair trimmer, manicuring instrument, massager for face and scalp. Luxury case.



Home Barber 84. Perfect accessory for Norelco "beating-heart" Speedshaver. A hair-clipper and two comblike guides give complete haircuts. Wonderful for children.



Pre-shave lotion conditions beard for perfect electric shave. Finalell, a soothing after-shave lotion. Shaver Cleaner cleans and lubricates shaving heads.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

Birmingham Saturday. "I still think we can win," he said.

Miami and Florida, two preseason tigers who turned out to be tabbies, wound up in an offensive free-for-all before the Gators took a 27-21 victory. Florida could not stop George Mear's passes (19 of 42 for 278 yards and three scores), but neither could the Hurricanes hold Hagood Clarke, who broke up the game with a 70-yard touchdown dash in the third quarter.

LSU, still hoping for a bid to somebody's bowl, lit into poor Tulane with a strong running game and clobbered its old rival 20-0. Tennessee, with no place to go, was just as destructive in a 19-0 whacking of Kentucky. The single-wing Vols pounded the Wildcats with power thrusts until they neared the goal line, then Hal Wantland and Melfon Farncloth passed over them for all three touchdowns. There was even some late cheer for heretofore winless VANORAH T. Fullback Bill Wakeup scored three times and Vandy trounced George Washington 31-0.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE'S Jim Rossi had another one of his good days. He ran for two scores and passed for a third as Wake Forest succumbed 42-0. The win earned the Wolfpack a tie for the Atlantic Coast Conference title with the winner of Thursday's North Carolina-Duke game.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UTE 36-21
2. OREGON 34-0 3. WASHINGTON 34-0

It had not been a very happy season for ARKANSAS Coach Frank Broyles. But he was pleased when his quick young backs took out after Texas Tech. Bobby Nix scored on a one-yard plunge after a 33-yard drive, sophomore Jack Brantzell slipped off tackle

for 34 yards and a touchdown, and Kenny Hatfield, a junior, quick-shifted through the bewildered Raiders for 80 yards on a punt return for another score and a 20-0 lead. Just about then Tech Quarterback Ben Elledge decided that Arkansas had had enough fun. In the next 24 minutes he passed to Tommy Doyle and David Parks for touchdowns, sneaked over from the two for another, and the score was tied. The shocked Razorbacks turned smartly to Quarterback Billy Gray. He obliged by taking them 85 yards in eight plays, the last one a churning 24-yard run that won the game for the Hogs, 27-20.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UTE 36-21
2. OREGON 34-0 3. WASHINGTON 34-0

UTAH, ferociously threatening all season to upset one big team, finally did. The Redskins beat Utah State 25-23. Behind 20-7 at half time, Utah hardly looked the part of a potential winner until Quarterback Gary Hertzfeldt began pitching like Y. A. Tittle. He passed 18 yards to Roy Jefferson for a touchdown, passed briefly while Utah State's Chris Pella kicked a 22-yard field goal, then set up Fullback Allen Jacobs for a seven-yard run and threw 35 yards to Mike Davis for the winning score. But, in the end, it was the Utah line that saved the day. It stopped the Aggies one yard from the goal as time ran out.

BRIAN YOUNG Coach Hal Mitchell, who had started the year with the single wing, came full circle for Colorado State. He put his Cougars into something that vaguely resembled a straight T and they ran for 321 yards. Wingback Doran Merkeley broke away for 42 yards, Halfback Alton Robinson sprinted 38 and 73 yards, and BYU won 24-30 without half its regulars (SI, Nov. 25).

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Navy over Army. Army, for all its good intentions, does not have a Roger Staubach.

Alabama over Auburn. But "Bama will have to find a way to stop Auburn's Jim Sidle.

Mississippi over Mississippi State. In a meeting of defenses, Ole Miss is better.

Georgia Tech over Georgia. Lottisridge, Tech's handyman, can score too many ways.

Florida State over Florida. Few crack the Gator line, so Stag will go over it.

Tennessee over Vanderbilt. The Vols have more offense for the battle of have-nots.

Pitt over Miami. Mira's passes are not enough to subdue the volatile Panthers.

TCU over SMU. The Frogs have shown they can win when the game is on the ground.

Boyer over Rice. Trull's talent for the pass gives Boyer a slight edge.

Arizona State over Arizona. The Sun Devil backs are quicker and more productive.

OTHER GAMES

CALIFORNIA OVER STANFORD
HARVARD OVER YALE
MISSOURI OVER KANSAS
OHIO STATE OVER MICHIGAN

OREGON OVER OREGON STATE
PRINCETON OVER DARTMOUTH
UNC OVER UCLA
WASHINGTON OVER WASH. ST.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

3 RIGHT, 2 WRONG SEASON'S RECORD 134-5-7

Look what's **new** in
Duofold®
 2-layer sports underwear!



2-LAYER TURTLENECK TOPS



Now you can enjoy your favorite 2-layer sports underwear two ways—with a fashion-smart new Turtleneck Top (. . . so smart it's almost a shame to cover it up!) or the crew neck model. And the colors are a sight for all eyes—jade, gold, red, powder blue and white, in solids and soucy stripes. So sleek, Duofold never mars the smooth lines of your stretchiest stretch pants. And Duofold's exclusive 2-layer Thermal Action means no itch, no freeze, perfect comfort indoors and out. Also for men and children. As better stores everywhere Duofold Inc., Mahawik, N.Y. In Canada: S. Lennard & Sons Ltd., Dundas, Ont.



PRO
 FOOTBALL/Tex Maule



IMPETURABLE CHARLEY JOHNSON, READY TO PASS, IGNORES GIANTS' RUSH

Charley's formula worked

A couple of young scientists—Charley Johnson of St. Louis and Frank Ryan of Cleveland—concocted a three-way tie in the East last Sunday with victories over New York and Dallas

Suddenly last Sunday the pro football season started all over—at least in the Eastern Conference of the National Football League. A quiet, supremely self-confident young chemical engineering student named Charley Johnson survived a horrendous first half to come back in the last two quarters and whip New York 24-17, hosting his St. Louis Cardinals into a first-place tie with the Giants.

And in Cleveland, Frank Ryan, who is working for a doctor's degree in mathematics at Rice University, regained his self-confidence and threw two touchdown passes against the Dallas Cowboys for a 27-17 Cleveland Brown victory that put the Browns side by side in first place with the Giants and the Cardinals.

It will not be a three-way tie for long. Next Sunday a battle of brains will take place in St. Louis when Chemical Engineer Johnson faces Mathematician Ryan. Even with the redoubtable Jimmy Brown on his side, Ryan will need all his newly regained confidence against the Johnson-led Cardinals.

It was the Giants who broke Ryan's confidence in the first place, plastering him unmercifully in the seventh game of the season in Cleveland. Before that, he had averaged 200 yards per game passing; for the next three, he averaged 52 and was ignominiously benched last week when the Cardinals beat the Browns. Against the Dallas Cowboys, he came back.

The Giants had plastered young John-



**New Mallory
Rechargeable
Flashlight
operates 10 years
on the same
battery**



From space age electronics... a new concept in personal lighting. The flashlight with permanent batteries. Recharge overnight in any household electrical outlet and it's fresh and bright again!

At better stores everywhere. Mallory Battery Co., Tarrytown, N.Y.

COMET VI in 2-tone finish: brown, blue or white.....\$5.95

CONTINENTAL deluxe model in leatherette case with handy-grip magnet.....\$9.95

MALLORY

son, too—the first time around. Johnson spent a great deal of that afternoon rising wearily from beneath most of the Giant line, plus a stray linebacker or two.

And Charley had another problem in that first game. "It felt like the ball was slick," he said. "You know, like the pebbles wasn't rough enough I knew I didn't have it, but I didn't know what to do about it."

Being accustomed to research methods, Johnson wasted no time in going to the best available source for help in his dilemma. This source was Y. A. Tittle, who was starting his pro football career when Johnson was a junior high school quarterback in Big Spring, Texas. Johnson flabbergasted Tittle by approaching him in the Giant dressing room after the game and asking what to do when you seem to have lost control of your passes.

Tittle was speechless.

"Maybe it was my phraseology," Johnson says. "I rephrased the question and he said, 'Just don't get down on yourself, kid. That's all I can tell you. We play you again, you know.'"

Although Johnson did not really need this particular advice, he followed it to the letter in the game last Sunday. Bedeviled by the same persistent pass rush that had harried him in St. Louis, Johnson completed only three of 15 passes in the first half against the Giants. The ball did not feel right to him this time, either. When he did have time to throw, he demonstrated an uncharacteristic scatter aim, missing receivers by wide margins. Sometimes, with the tall Giant linemen closing in on him, he could not see receivers in the open near the sidelines and he chose not to believe the frantic messages sent in from the bench advising him that the receivers were there.

"Nothing felt right," he said. "I had almost begun to believe that I just wasn't ready for this game."

The Cardinals were lucky to be no worse than behind 10-3 at half time. In the interval between halves, Cardinal Coach Wally Lemm spent a few minutes convincing Johnson that the game plan was feasible. Then he tried to make adjustments to compensate for a new defense the Giants had shown several times in the first half.

"Our game plan was the same as it was the first game," said Sonny Randle, the fine Cardinal end who caught four of Johnson's passes, one for a touchdown. "We were going to run inside and throw to the outside. But in the first half

continued

Look what's new in
Duofold®
2-layer sports underwear!



**2-LAYER
TURTLENECK TOPS**



Now you can enjoy your favorite 2-layer sports underwear two ways—with a fashion-smart new Turtleneck Top (. . . so smart it's almost a shame to cover it up!) or the crew neck model. And the colors are a sight for all eyes—jade, gold, red, powder blue and white, in solids and soucy stripes. So sleek, Duofold never mores the smooth lines of your stretchiest stretch pants. And Duofold's exclusive 2-layer Thermal Action means no itch, no freeze, perfect comfort indoors and out. Also for men and children. At better stores everywhere, Duofold Inc., Mahwah, N.Y. In Canada, S. Lennard & Sons Ltd., Dundas, Ont.



every time I run my pattern and looked back for the ball, Charley was on his back."

Randle glanced at Johnson in the dressing booth next to him, surrounded by a knot of reporters.

"He never lost his poise," Sonny said. "Right now in just his second year as a starting quarterback, Charley is at least three years more mature than any other young quarterback I have ever seen. He has the confidence and the knowledge that most quarterbacks don't get until they have been in the league for five years."

Johnson demonstrated this amply in the second period. One of the reasons his passes had strayed so sadly in the first half was a tricky crosswind that did not seem to bother the old mossier, Tittle, but did hamper Johnson.

"It wasn't had throwing straight down-field," Lemon explained, "but our strategy was to throw toward the sidelines, and the wind carried the ball."

Johnson got his wind gauge set right in the second half. He did not throw often, because he was still being battered by the big Giant line and linebackers, but he threw the ball six times and four times completed passes, twice for touchdowns.

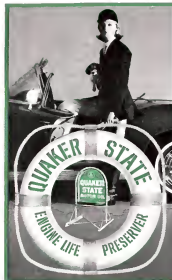
The Cardinal defense, quickened by the addition of rookie Don Beuten, a large and agile defensive end, began reaching Tittle, too. And Tittle's favorite shot for picking up a first down on third and substantial yardage to go backfired. Larry Wilson, St. Louis' free safety, had almost intercepted two of Tittle's passes in the first half. He was playing with stitches in the palm of his left hand from an injury received in the game against Cleveland the week before; twice he had the ball in his hands and could not manage to hold it.

Wilson wasted

But in the third quarter, when Tittle came out of the Giant huddle on the New York 22 with third down and six yards to go, Wilson wasted confidently for the hook pass to Del Shofner that Tittle had used effectively earlier. It came on schedule, and Wilson ducked in front of Shofner, caught the ball in his stomach on the Giant 30 and hustled down to the Giant 19.

Johnson, stacking tenaciously to the game plan, ran inside, using another lesson he had picked up from Tittle. "If a

continued



Surest way to get best engine performance is always to use Quaker State in your car. Refined only from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, this years-ahead motor oil keeps your car on the road, out of the repair shop—and saves you money. Always insist on Quaker State, the best engine life preserver.

QUAKER STATE
OIL REFINING CORPORATION
OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA



Should you wear tuttersall underwear with a polka dot tie?

Whatever you decide, don't give up those Carter's boxers. Just hope your mother-in-law does better on the next tie. (You'd think she'd learn from your own impeccable taste. You invariably choose Carter's boxer shorts. For their soft, Pak-nit fabric. For their comfort. For their trim fit—no bag, sag, or droop.) Look, just tell her the whole Carter's story; she'll change her ways. Best friend a well-dressed knit-picker ever had:

Carter's
FRESHMAN HEIGHTS, MASS.

* Pak-nit is a TM for Comfort Corp.
CARTER'S PAK-NIT BOXERS \$1.75 AB. BOSTON & BRANCHES, JORDAN MARSH CO., BETHLE, J. I. HUDSON COMPANY

Most Christmas shoppers think portables are pretty much alike...until they look for one with a 5-year guarantee

(Look no further than Smith-Corona!)

Smith-Corona Corsair
...heavy-duty lightweight



Smith-Corona Sterling...
full-featured, with trim styling



Smith-Corona Galaxie...
world's fastest
manual portable



Smith-Corona Coronet...
world's first electric portable



Smith-Corona Poweriter
...goes Coronet one better:
has portable electricity!



Smith-Corona portables are backed by a solid five-year parts guarantee (instead of the usual 90 days). And when you compare Smith-Corona with other brands of portables, you'll see why. You'll see how much better built Smith-Coronas are . . . how vital parts are protected . . . how even the carrying cases are designed to take travel's hardest knocks. And then, of course, there's that big difference in guarantees. When others have run out by next Christmas, your Smith-Corona guarantee will be good till Christmas 1968! No wonder more people buy Smith-Coronas than any other portable.

GUARANTEE: Any Smith-Corona branch office will replace without charge (except for labor and shipping) any part that proves defective within 5 years. No labor charge within 90 days. Warranty does not cover motor, rubber parts, energy coil or charger after 90 days. Does not cover damage from accident or misuse and extends only to original purchaser.

SCM CORPORATION, 410 PARK AVE., N.Y. 10017



SMITH-CORONA PORTABLES



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
GIN DISTILLERS—

BOOTH'S DISTILLERS, LTD.
LONDON, ENGLAND

This is Britain's Finest

BOOTH'S
**HOUSE
OF
LORDS**
GIN



DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A.

For the man who has everything.... but

THE **EXECUTIVE**
IN SOLID 14 KARAT GOLD



CROSS

\$ 5.00 PER 1/2 PENNOL
\$10.00 1/2 PENNOL SET
F.T.L.

PRECISION FOUNTAIN PEN MANUFACTURERS
A. T. CROSS SINCE 1857
PROVIDENCE 1, RHODE ISLAND

PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

play works for me, I like to save it," he had said before the game. "I mean, I don't go right back with the same call. I've always figured that the defense would be ready for the same play again and I'd be better off going to something else. But Tittle is different; if a play works for him, he's as likely as not to come right back with it and keep coming until the defense makes a definite change to contain it. I should do more of that."

The score was 10-10 when Johnson came out to take over on the Giant 19. The first play he called was one that had been reasonably successful for the Cardinals all afternoon, a play faking a hand-off to Halfback Joe Childress to the right side of the Giant line, then striking off the left side with Triplett. This is called a counter in the trade, since the final attacking angle of the ball-carrier is counter to the flow of the defense set up by the fake. Triplett gained five yards on the play, and Johnson, remembering Tittle's pattern, repeated the play, doubtless surprising his coaches almost as much as he surprised the Giant defense. Triplett went 14 yards for the touchdown that put St. Louis ahead 17-10.

Then Tittle gave Johnson more food for thought by marshaling the Giants on a carefully considered, beautifully executed drive that carried 80 yards for a tying touchdown. Johnson may have been impressed, but he was not overawed.

A calm roll-out

A few moments later, when Ed Dove fumbled an attempted fair catch on the Giant 20 and the Cardinals recovered, Johnson peppered away inside for four plays with Triplett and Childress, until it was third and goal on the Giant three-yard line. The ball was to the right of the goal posts; the logical call would have been a run to the left. Even if a touchdown was not made, it would position the ball directly in front of the goal posts for an automatic field goal. The Giants, knowing this just as well as Johnson, overloaded the right side of their defense, and Johnson very calmly rolled out to his right, hesitated a moment, then tossed a soft pass to Bobby Joe Conrad in the end zone for the touchdown that finished the Giants. It was a daring and unorthodox call.

"One of my troubles is that I am not quite reckless enough," Johnson had said

continued



One of our young inspectors just checked out the new AMF Junior tractor. It's ready for action!

There's no better way to try out a new model than on the kids who'll be using it. When a new design captures a youngster's imagination, you can be sure he'll like it for a long time. For example, we put big rear wheels on the new AMF tractor. It looks like the real thing and the kids love it!

Naturally, we aim to please the youngsters. But parents are important, too. That's why we build safety and durability into every AMF Junior[®] product. We use "play safe" polyethylene fenders on our veloci-

pedes to guard against cuts and bruises. And numerous factory tests prove the ruggedness of each model.

When your youngster gets an AMF Junior tractor, velocipede, sidewalk bike, fire engine, coaster wagon or seat car (or an AMF Roadmaster[®] bike), you know he'll like it and you can be sure it will last. Young inspectors will be big wheels in their neighborhood!

American Machine & Foundry Company
261 Madison Avenue, New York.





Shapely University Club Shirts are tapered to a 'Y'

Sport a trim torso in this manfully striped shirt. Sagging surplus is out, the action look is in... with tapered body and sleeves. Traditional button down collar and locker loop. In bottle green and burgundy. About \$44 at fine stores.

Shapely
University Club
Shapely Inc. Corp. © 1984 S. C. Co.

a great glove and a great gift for Christmas

STAN MUSIAL GIFT SET

A superb Musial personal model glove with H-web and Edge-U-Cated heel. Color photo. Scroll listing Musial's records. And Musial's "How the Majors Play Baseball." All in golden gift package.

OTHER GREAT GIFT SETS

- ⦿ Footballs and kicking tees
- ⦿ Basketballs with goal and net
- ⦿ Football uniform
- ⦿ Gloves and baseballs
- in gift packages.

"The Finest In The Field!"



PRO FOOTBALL

earlier. "When I was in high school, I used to watch Johnny Unitas and try to think the same way he did. But I was never able to make myself be as daring in my calls. I wish I could."

The 24-year-old Johnson went to high school in Big Spring, Texas. In his senior year, in a district of eight teams, seven quarterbacks were on one or another all-district team or received honorable mention. Johnson was the eighth. With this sparkling record, he received no scholarship offers, finally went to Schreiner Institute, a junior college, which promptly gave up football. Johnson wound up at New Mexico State, where he played well enough to be drafted 10th by the Cardinals as a future. He arrived at the Cardinal training camp the fifth of five quarterbacks.

Working on the play book

"By the time I got there, two of them had been traded," Johnson said. "So I figured they'd keep three. I had a good day in one scrimmage, and I began to think this wasn't so hard. Then I started working on the play book a little more and on defenses, and I figured I'd never be able to master them. Now I think I may, but it will take time."

Johnson, striving for a doctorate at Washington University in St. Louis, earns a full schedule of classes. He gets up at 5:15 a.m., writes a radio sports show, announces it at 8 a.m., goes to class until noon, practices, then goes back to school. He has already had offers of jobs as a chemical engineer; when he finishes school, he hopes to combine pro football and chemical engineering.

"Sometimes it's hard to concentrate on football with finals coming up, or on finals with a game like this coming up, but I manage to keep them separate," he says.

His thesis for his doctorate is on the flow characteristics of polymer plastics. Ryan seems a bit ahead of him here, at least. Ryan's master's thesis was entitled "Regularly Branched Coverings and an Application to Blaschke Products with Certain Boundary Characteristics"—which sounds vaguely like a plan for covering sideline passes.

This Sunday when the Cardinals and Browns meet in St. Louis, math and chemistry will be temporarily forgotten. But the game's outcome will still depend mostly on which quarterback has done his football homework.

END



**Life
never
stands
still...**



**keep it moving
with Keystone
home movies.**

Don't settle for a fraction of the action. Get it all with a Keystone Electric Movie Camera. Only home movies can capture all the fun and excitement of life—and keep precious memories vividly alive. Afraid it's too complicated? Forget it. All you do is point, squeeze the trigger, and your Keystone does the rest. You catch every scene from beginning to end; no interruptions, no missed shots because you never have to stop to wind. (What a delight—no more cranking, twisting, turning!) Long life batteries supply

steady power. You zoom electrically, too, in and out of exciting close-ups at the touch of a button. And you never give exposure a thought; Electric Eye sets your lens automatically, even tells you when the light is too weak to shoot. So be sure to see—and try—the cameras that make professional movies a pushover; that give you perfect results reel after reel—the Keystone Electrics. Priced from under \$132 at your photo dealer. And while you're there, be sure to see Keystone "Private Eye" automatic Projectors

that make movie viewing as easy as watching TV. They give your movies a brilliant showing. From under \$100.



LIFE NEVER STANDS STILL WITH
KEYSTONE
KEYSTONE CAMERA CO., INC. BOSTON, MASS.

English Leather®



the gift set of ALL PURPOSE
LOTION and DEODORANT STICK
\$3.00 plus tax
Individually ALL-PURPOSE
LOTION \$2.00 \$3.50 \$6.50
DEODORANT STICK \$1.00

MEM COMPANY, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York

BRIGHT GIFT IDEA!



A WINDSCOPE™ Wind Speed and Direction Indicator is a gift that will increase the weather fan's pleasure any outdoor party. Indoor indicator can be located up to 200 ft. from transducer. Be quiet, no outside power. \$3105, \$39.95. Also available as separate units at \$99.95 each at floor sporting goods and music supply stores. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N.Y., and Toronto, Ontario. *1 to 1000

A Taylor Instrument

First National City Travelers Checks

OFFICIAL
TRAVELERS
CHECK



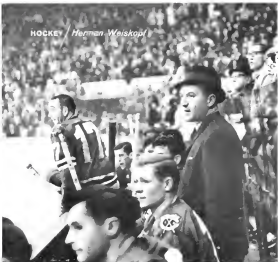
NEW YORK
WORLD'S FAIR
1964-65
Member F.O.C.

TRY
NEW

KAYWOODIE
PIPE TOBACCO
YOU'LL LIKE IT

Send for free sample and pipe booklet. Kaywoodie Pipe, R. 1, 22

HOCKEY / Herman Weiskopf



SCOOTER LINEMAN KEN WHARRAM (17), COACH BILLY REAY (ON FLOOR), HAWK PLAYERS

The rich bounty of mutiny

Like Captain Bligh's sailors, Chicago's hockey players cast their coach adrift, but Pitcairn Island is likely to be the NHL championship

One of the wildest teams in hockey back in the days of the Depression was a junior outfit known as the St. Boniface Seals. A fun-loving crowd of teen-age Rover Boys, they loved to lock their coach in the ladies' rooms of trains, and once, after winning the junior championship in Toronto, they even succeeded in fouling up an award luncheon given in their honor. Assuming a falsely mature voice, one of the Seals called the hotel where the luncheon was being given and told the maître d' the festivities were being moved up from one o'clock to noon. Then the whole St. Boniface team went down to the hotel, ate up the early lunch and left nothing but empty plates for the guests who arrived an hour later.

One of the St. Boniface rink rats is still around—older, certainly, and a little better behaved, but still up to his old pranks. With the season still young, the new coach of the first-place Chicago Black Hawks hockey team, former Seal

Center Billy Reay, has encouraged his players to lick all the plates clean in the NHL banquet before the other teams have gotten even a taste. At the end of six weeks the Hawks were eight points ahead of the next team and still going away. They had set a new team record for consecutive games without a loss (11) and for consecutive wins at home (eight). The stars of their first two forward lines, Bobby Hull and Stan Mikita, were Nos. 1 and 3 in the point parade. The fast-skating "Scooter Line" of Mikita, Ken Wharram and Ab McDonald was the highest-scoring line in the league, and the Hawks as a team had scored more goals and won more games than any other. Despite the fact that they still have 51 games to play, the Hawks at this point seem well on their way to winning their first NHL championship after 38 years of trying. Since virtually nothing else on the team has changed since last year, the man responsible must be Coach Billy Reay.



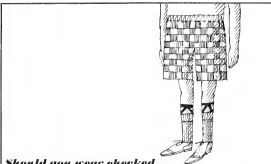
AND HAWK FANS ALL SEE A BRIGHT FUTURE

"In coaching hockey," says Reay, a quiet, soft-spoken man whose middle name is Tulip, "the important thing is psychology. You have to know which players to goad and which ones to praise, and you have to know when and how to go about it."

The man whom Reay replaced apparently knew none of these things. A great storyteller and a riot in the banquet hall, amiable, pudgy Rudy Pilous took over the Hawks when they were the New York Mets of hockey and brought them up to within an ace of winning the championship. But in doing so Coach Pilous displayed an uncanny gift for goading those he should have praised and praising those he should have goaded.

"Rudy Pilous couldn't coach a girls' basketball team," remarked Wingman Eric Nesterenko during Rudy's first years. Nesterenko's opinion has changed only to the extent of admitting now that Pilous "probably could coach a girls' basketball team." Last year, in a newspaper poll in which NHL players were asked to name the three best coaches in the league, not one Chicago player named Pilous. And in a postseason TV interview, Center Bill (Red) Hay, explaining the Hawks' failure to win the championship, said "we were outcoached."

Continued



Should you wear checked underwear if you have a round face?

Assert yourself. Say in loud, ringing tones: "I will not limit my collection of Carter's knit boxers to stripes and solids." That's more like it. Any Carter's boxer shorts do justice to men of any shape or size. And they're cut for comfort, too—from soft, cotton *Pak-nit*® fabric. As for choosing a print, there's only one rule to remember: When you're in Carter's, you're in style. Period. Best friend a well-dressed knit-picker ever had:

Carter's

*Pub. at T. M. for Complex Corp.
CARTER'S PAK-NIT BOXERS \$1.75 AT NEW YORK & ALHAMBRA • PORTLAND, OREGON: MEER AND FRANK COMPANY

**If you've any kind of
a head on your shoulders,
you'll put it under a
Hush Puppies hat.**



We hear that leather hats are in these days. We're glad because Hush Puppies hats happen to be made of leather. Breathin' brushed pagskin, as a matter of fact. They're for people who've tried Hush Puppies casual shoes and wouldn't give any other casuals closet space. There are four models, in six colors. Any one of them is everything a hat should be—debonair, water-repellent, utterly simple to clean (got a brush?) and so long-wearing that it may well outlast your head.

Hush Puppies



Copyright 1983 Nevenhouse Shoe & Tanning Corp. Registered Mark. CREATION: BRIGHTEO. ADVERTISING: GUY & HALL/VAN

The Pipe Smoker's Miscellany

+++

TIDBITS, TIPS AND TRIVIA FROM THE MAKERS OF BOND STREET

HOW TO BREAK IN A NEW PIPE



First, moisten the inside of the bowl slightly.

When you've done this, you're ready to pack it. Add your Bond Street tobacco in pinches. Gently, starting with a small pinch to cover the bowl, insert your finger to make sure it's covered. Then add larger pinches till the bowl is half full. Tamp lightly and light up.

NOTE: It is wise to fill the pipe only half full for the first few smokes. The bowl is harder to break in than the bowl, and this will give it a head start.

Little spot of mighty power. Character of an old horse.



PHILIPS

THE PIPE TOBACCO THAT STAYS LIT



Bond Street Pipe Tobacco keeps burning because of its old-fashioned, rich, penetrating and robust flavor. You'll enjoy the pleasant aroma and satisfying flavor of Bond Street's choice (distilled and domestic) tobaccos, too. Make your next pipeful Bond Street.



A glass pipe without a draw is like a pipe without a tongue.

BOND STREET

A product of Philip Morris Inc.

HOCKEY

"It was a workmanlike stiletto job," said Pilous when Chicago General Manager Tommy Ivan notified him by mail that he was fired. But—except for the method used—Ivan had little choice. With Pilous cast in the role of Captain Bligh, and Bobby Hull and Stan Mikita alternating as Mr. Christian, someone had to be cast adrift, and the Chicago management was not inclined to make it

league's best goalie last year, and Captain Pierre Pilous won a similar award as the top defenseman. Five of the stars chosen by a panel of hockey writers and sportscasters to play in the season-opening all-star game were Black Hawks.

Molding that kind of talent and temperament into a smoothly working unit is not easy, but Reay does it with an easy touch. "He treats us," says Mikita, "like men."

One of the complaints that both Hull and Mikita had last year was that Pilous did not give them enough ice time, a deprivation that cut down their opportunity to score. One of Reay's first changes was to put these high shooters on a schedule that has them skating for 40 minutes of every game. Both of them are now scoring not only in their regular lines but as penalty killers and key men. Chicago's players are known for being among the roughest and toughest in the league, but under Reay they seem suddenly to have become also the happiest. Besides Reay, the most notable newcomers to the Black Hawks this season is Howie Young, the onetime Bad Boy of Detroit. Howie last year had the credentials—the highest penalty record ever—to prove he was tough and tough, and there is scarcely a Black Hawk who doesn't bear scars attesting his ferocity. But the Hawks have welcomed Howie to their midst, and if Howie has not precisely undergone a reformation, he is at least conscious of being in sympathetic company. A few weeks ago he collaborated with Stan Mikita on one of Chicago's most memorable goals to date. The puck came off Howie's stick like a projectile, hit Stan in the neck and curved past the Toronto goalie Stan, flinging an arm about Howie's neck, was more than happy to take official credit for the goal.

Things are like that all the time with the Black Hawks these days. In the Boston Garden one night not long ago a name Bruin fan was screaming imprecations at Howie from a seat almost beside Reay. "Do you really think that is smart?" the quiet-voiced Chicago coach asked him gently. "Do you think you're helping the man by talking to him like that?"

What the Boston fan had to say to such reasonable and characteristic Reay counsel is not known, but what the Chicago Black Hawks have to say to it is all on the record.

END



ONE MR. CHRISTIAN of Chicago hockey is fast skating, sharpshooting star Bobby Hull.

two of the league's sharpest shooters. Manager Ivan fired Pilous, hired Reay—who had himself been fired by the Toronto Maple Leafs after pulling them out of the cellar and into the playoffs in 1959—and, in effect, said to Hay, Mikita, Hull and Co., "Now put up or shut up."

With Reay smiling benignly from the quarterdeck, the mutineers elected to put up, and the results showed promptly in the standings.

No team in the NHL has more individual stars or more temperamental individualists than Chicago. Bobby Hull, year by year, is skating his way into history as one of the game's all-time superstars. Outspoken Stan Mikita, who likes to describe himself as a dirty player, is one of the game's top hustlers. Glenn Hall won the Vézina Trophy as the



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Two youths who refused to be conned

The U.S. will have two fine teams for the 1964 World Bridge Olympiad, although the results of the recent International Trials in Miami Beach must be considered in the nature of an upset. Nobody seriously believed, for example, that the youngest pair in the Open field had a chance to make the team. Yet Robert Hamman of Van Nuys, Calif., and Don Krauss of Los Angeles took the lead in the very first day's session and held it throughout, slipping first in the Trials with a score of 586 out of a possible 900. Sam Stayman and Victor Mitchell of New York, who finished second with 548, are veterans of international competition, and Robert Jordan and Arthur Robinson of Philadelphia, third with 540, were generally considered to be our most consistent performers in the 1963 world championship play in St. Vincent, Italy. Howard Schenken and Peter Leventritt, also teammates in St. Vincent, could do no better than 11th. Bobby Nail and Jim Jacoby, who won

the Trials the previous year, finished dead last, more than 100 points behind the team in 15th place. That pair was Alvin Roth and Billy Seamon, who starred on the team that won both major U.S. titles, the Vanderbilt and the Spingold.

On the deal shown below at left, Hamman and Krauss proved they were no babes in arms when they refused to be conned by the wiles of veterans Edward Taylor and Lew Mathe, who finished fourth and qualified as alternates to the team.

Taylor exhibited cast-iron nerve in passing—especially over the three-heart bid, which wasn't forcing—until the opponents had reached game. Then his four-spade bid sounded as though he were trying to find a save. But Krauss showed excellent judgment in persevering to five clubs, diagnosing Taylor's strategy. Rather than accept the penalty at five clubs, Taylor continued to five spades and was defeated when West did not attempt to cash a second club but instead shifted to hearts, permitting the defense to cash two heart tricks.

Robinson and Jordan were on most of the pretournament selections to make the team. One of their outstanding triumphs was a bidding coup that gave Lew Mathe an unpleasant choice (see deal shown at right).

Taylor's first response in diamonds was a psychic effort to stop a diamond lead. Mathe and Taylor took their two red aces for a paltry 100-point set, while all over the field North-South were bidding and making six spades. But after Jordan's cue bid in clubs to clue the defense, six spades would have been defeated by two rounds of clubs, so North-South had little choice but to suffer their 100-point penalty, for no International Match Points.

The drama and tension of the Open Trials finish seemed like a rest cure compared to the Women's Team results. The

outcome was an astonishing three-way tie for first place among Helen Portugall-Agnes Gordon, Jan Stone-Muriel Kaplan and, coming up from the pack in a strong last-round rally, Siella Rebnor-Alisa Kempner. All had 373, exactly 1 point ahead of fourth-place finishers, Edith Kemp and her sister, Ann Burn-

Neither side vulnerable		NORTH	
West dealer		♠ 8 6 3	
		♥ 9 3	
		♦ A K Q 3 2	
		♣ 6 4 2	
WEST		EAST	
♠ 5		♠ 9 7	
♥ K 7 5 4		♥ A Q J 2	
♦ 7 5		♦ J 10 9 6	
♣ A K 10 5 3		♣ Q J 7	
		SOUTH	
		♠ A K Q J 10 4 2	
		♥ 10 8 6	
		♦ 8 4	
		♣ 8	
WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(Amey)	(Mathe)	(Hjornding)	(Taylor)
1 ♠	3 ♠	3 ♥	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	3 ♥	PASS
4 ♥	PASS	PASS	4 ♠
PASS	PASS	DOUBLE	PASS
5 ♠	PASS	PASS	5 ♠
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: King of clubs

Neither side vulnerable		NORTH	
East dealer		♠ Q 9 5 4 3 2	
		♥ A 9	
		♦ 10 3 2	
		♣ K Q	
WEST		EAST	
♠ —		♠ 8	
♥ 10 8 5 4		♥ K Q 7 6 3 2	
♦ Q J 7 4		♦ K 9 8 6 5	
♣ A J 8 6 3		♣ 5	
		SOUTH	
		♠ A K J 10 7 6	
		♥ J	
		♦ A	
		♣ 10 8 7 4 2	
EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
(Jordan)	(Mathe)	(Robinson)	(Taylor)
PASS	1 ♠	PASS	2 ♠
2 ♥	3 ♠	4 ♠	4 ♥
PASS	4 ♠	5 ♥	PASS
PASS	5 ♠	PASS	PASS
6 ♣	DOUBLE	6 ♥	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: ace of diamonds

stein, who will torment themselves for the next year recalling how they could have picked up that point on a hundred or more of the 224 hands they played during the exhausting six-day grind.

The Open Trials were even more strenuous. With 300 hands played, the spectators were as exhausted as the participants. But the captains should be well pleased. Frank Westcott of North Attleboro, Mass. will lead the U.S. Open Team; Paul Hodge of Abilene, Texas will lead the ladies. The 28 nations who will come to New York in May for the World Bridge Olympiad are going to have their hands full.

END



SPIRIT MIND BODY

This is the motto of Springfield College, a school that holds classes in ring-around-a-rosy, gilds its gymnasts into Living Statuary, invents such games as basketball and is making an unequalled contribution to American sports

BY ROBERT H. BOYLE



CONTINUED

W edged away in a corner of the old mill town of Springfield, Mass. is an unprepossessing college that bears the name of the community. From all outward appearances, it has little to boast about. Its campus is undistinguished, the architecture divided between turn-of-the-century brick and turn-of-the-'60s modern. Its field house was picked up secondhand from the Navy after World War II. Many high schools would consider its football stadium an embarrassment, and though its team once drew 5,000 spectators to a game, 2,000 of them had to stand. Its track team performs in the same stadium, and can't draw a yawn. Athletically, the Southern Cal's, Pittsburgh's, Notre Dames and Ohio States would seem to have it all over Springfield College, and their razzmatazz and press clippings so attest. Yet the truth is that no school anywhere in the country, and probably in the world, has had a more beneficial influence on sports and games than Springfield.

Springfield College specializes in physical education and youth leadership. The motto that guides its administration and 1,500 students is "Spirit, Mind, Body." It is dedicated to educating "the whole man in the service of all men," and its contributions to the wholesome life have been absolutely overwhelming. A Springfield professor, Dr. James A. Naismith, invented basketball, and a graduate, William G. Morgan, devised volleyball. In good part, the college has been responsible for the founding of the Boy Scouts of America, the Campfire Girls, PAL (the Police Athletic League) and the National Recreation Association.

For years the college has been turning out eager, clean-cut coaches, gym teachers, social workers and YMCA secretaries. "I consider Springfield College the mother school of physical education," says Dr. Thomas Cureton, professor of physical education at the University of Illinois, and Springfield '29. "It was always pointed out, even when I was a student, that a very large number of Springfield men became the principal professors of physical education in other colleges. At one time 50%

of all college physical-education departments were under the direction of Springfield men."

Art Linkletter, the television entertainer, fitness enthusiast, Y booster and a member of the college's board of trustees, says, "You'll find more graduates from Springfield in Ys and physical-education programs throughout the world than from any other school. Springfield has been doing Peace Corps work for 50 years in every corner of the globe." As a matter of fact, the real Peace Corps held a training program at Springfield last summer, and when it was over, R. Sargent Shriver, the director of the corps, was so impressed with the altruism and vigor of the college staff that he all but did handsprings himself.

What makes Springfield distinctive is its spirit. From top to bottom the college is imbued with a manly, generous, hearty, old-fashioned, noble-fellow Protestantism seldom glimpsed since the days of Frank Merriwell. At Springfield it is literally not whether you win or lose but how you play the game. "The only question we ever ask of a boy," says Dr. Edward Seitz, director of athletics and head basketball coach, "is, 'Did you give 100% of yourself?' If he says yes, then he has had a tremendously successful time."

No athletic scholarships are given at Springfield, and no coach has ever been fired for losing. In the 72 years that Springfield students have been playing basketball there has rarely been a fight on the court. Indeed, the purity is such that the backfield coach of the varsity football team buys an ice cream sundae for any player who intercepts a pass. Rival schools are sometimes demoralized by Springfield's utter sportsmanship, and a favorite cry to toss at the college is, "We don't smoke, we don't chew and we won't play against girls who do." To such a taunt, Springfield students turn a deaf ear or the other cheek.

"Every time you turn the other cheek, you grow inside as well as in stature," says Dr. Irving Conrad, a 1962 graduate who has stayed on to teach Introduction to Camp Leadership. "I tell my class that ideals are like the stars. You'll nev-

er succeed in touching them with your hands, but if you select them as your guide and follow them, you may reach your destiny." On campus, conversation rings with such phrases as "total commitment," "dedication to service" and "gung-ho." (It is perhaps fitting that the head of physical education for the Nationalist Chinese government on Formosa is a Springfield graduate named Gansun Hoh. But then Springfield has a way with names: the chaplain is named Parsonage.)

Historically, Springfield College is a product of the Muscular Christianity of the late 19th century. From the time of the Puritans in England, a number of Protestant churches had opposed recreation in general and sports in particular as the work of the devil. But in the 1860s two English writers, Charles Kingsley, author of *Westward Ho!*, and Thomas Hughes, known for *Tom Brown's School Days*, put forward the then radical idea that the playing field was the ideal place for building character. The concept took hold, and in 1885 the Rev. David Allen Reed, a Congregational minister in Springfield, founded the "School for Christian Workers" in his home town. His aim was to train young men for social work in churches and schools. Five years later, in 1890, the YMCA established a training program within the school, even though some Y officials opposed the move on the grounds that it would be morally incongruous to have Christian gymnasium superintendents.

Springfield was now on its way. James Naismith, a former divinity student at McGill, joined the faculty and invented basketball as a game that would innocently occupy youths on winter nights. Amos Alonzo Stagg, fresh from glory on the playing fields of Yale, spurned a lavish offer to join the New York Giants as a pitcher in order to immerse himself in the virtues of Springfield. He coached the football team, and in 1890 he and a ragamuffin collection of Springfield faculty and students almost beat a mighty Yale all-star team at Madison Square Garden in what is considered the first indoor football game ever played. For their valor, Stagg's players were dubbed

continued



Engineered better . . . backed better than any car in its class

What kind of people buy Chrysler's clean, crisp and handsome 300? Two kinds. Those who like their performance. Those who like their comfort. Or both. Comfort comes with deep bucket seats, the kind that take the aches out of a 600-mile day. (The one on the passenger side reclines in 5 positions.) They're standard on every 300. So's Chrysler's sports-bred performance. And of course there's 5 years or 50,000 miles of warranted* protection for hundreds of vital moving parts. Look a 300 over at your nearby Chrysler dealer's today. That's about the only place you'll catch one standing still.

*Solid protection for a solid investment . . . 5-year—50,000-mile warranty. Chrysler Corporation warrants for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, against defects in materials and workmanship and will replace or repair at a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer's place of business, the engine block, head and internal parts —(take regular oil, water pump, transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch), torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings of its 1964 automobiles, provided the owner has the engine oil changed every 3 months or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first, the oil filter replaced every second oil change and the carburetor air filter cleaned every 6 months and replaced every 2 years, and every 6 months furnishes to such a dealer evidence of performance of the required service and requests the dealer to certify (1) receipt of such evidence and (2) the car's then current mileage.

Be sure to watch Bob Hope and the Chrysler Theater, NBC-TV, Fridays

CHRYSLER DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION



JACKETS AND INNERWEAR SHOWN: 100% DU PONT NYLON (GRADED TO 100% "DACRON"® 88 POLYESTER FIBERFILL. 100 DU PONT 2 REGISTERED TRADEMARK DU PONT MALES FIBERS, NOT FABRICS OR CLOTHING.

More warmth with style

New "Dacron"® 88 fiberfill is extra warm, extra light. Sears has it in top-styled ski-jackets—and insulated innerwear—for all the family.

Before the weather gets any colder, head for Sears. There you'll find a great array of smart, warm, authentic parkas for men, women and children. Insulated innerwear, too. Tops for action-light warmth because they're Du Pont nylon insulated with new "Dacron"® 88 fiberfill. Feather-light "Dacron"® 88 has a new kind

of crimp that creates more air pockets, retains more body heat for greater warmth. It's a snap to wash, too. And dries in record time. Winter-proof the whole family with "Dacron"® 88 fiberfill...and do it in style at Sears. The complete Ski Shop is part of Sears Family Recreation Center at



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

"the stubby Christians." In 1891 Stagg left Springfield for the University of Chicago, which was newly backed by Rockefeller money, to pass on the lessons of manly play he had learned.

In the years that followed, the International YMCA College (it changed to its present name in 1953) had to fend off a number of attacks that it was serving up a diluted Christianity in favor of fun and games. There was an outcry among fundamentalist Christians when the school hired William G. Bullantine, dismissed from the presidency of Oberlin for his liberal theology, and there was a still vividly remembered uproar around 1916 when dancing was first allowed. The later years have been calmer. Springfield now offers dance courses in conjunction with Ted Shawn's University of the Dance, and there was no fuss at all in 1951 when the college became coeducational. Springfield has 400 coeds, and the school's morally severe founders would be pleased to know that this has caused no difficulties. At Springfield sport subdues sex. A few weeks ago, for instance, 35 Springfield boys and girls went off to the woods to a Quaker meetinghouse for a conference on integration that lasted until one in the morning. "When a late

conference like this is over," says the Rev. Robert Parsonage, the chaplain, "you'd expect students to go off and neck. But they said, 'Let's have a soccer game!' And there they were, the boys and girls, out playing soccer at one in the morning."

The current president, Dr. Glenn A. Olds, is a clergyman, and his background in sports—he was an amateur boxer of note as a boy in the Pacific Northwest—and religion mirrors the eclecticism that the college has adopted over the years. Born to a Roman Catholic father and a Mormon mother, he was raised as a Quaker, studied Judaism and was ordained a Methodist minister. He received his Ph.D. in philosophy from Yale, where his dissertation dealt with *The Nature of Moral Inquiry*, and he served as director of united religious work at Cornell. He does calisthenics upon awakening, and instead of cocktails at parties he and his wife serve apples and cheese. Olds is somewhat of a human whirlwind, forever dashing off to this meeting and that while cooking up new projects by the dozens. When faculty members once complained that neither they nor he could possibly keep up with all his schemes, Olds explained

continued



Dr. James A. Natunath introduced a nice wintertime game for young men to play indoors.



Very "in" Christmas Gift!

BASS WEEJUNS

And most wanted, the year round!

So easy to give, too, with a Bass Gift Certificate that assures personal choice and perfect fit at a convenient Weejun store.

There's one near you!



Only Bass makes Weejuns®

G. H. BASS & CO., 721 Main Street, Woburn, MAINE



To make good movies, you must have a good movie camera. And you may have wanted to get started taking family movies of your travels, hobbies, and activities. But you may have been confused by the great number of movie cameras available. Or you may have had doubts about conflicting quality claims.

Now you can depend upon Honeywell for reliable 8 mm movie cameras. Built by the Elmo Company, Japan's most respected manufacturer of movie products, these fine new cameras meet the highest standards and are backed by Honeywell's full factory service facilities.

All Honeywell Elmo cameras have automatic exposure control. Shown above is the battery-driven Zoom 82, \$189.50. Its accessory grip (\$24.95) drives the zoom lens and gives you "trigger" control of electric film drive.

The Pocketauto 80 (\$99.50) is a wonderful sportsman's gift. Small and light. Battery operated—no wind up. Carry it in a shirt pocket—it's always ready to use.

For yourself, or for a very special Christmas gift, choose a Honeywell Elmo movie camera. Ask your authorized dealer for a demonstration today!

For detailed literature, write to Tom Olsen (209), Honeywell, Denver, Colorado 80210.

Honeywell
PHOTOGRAPHIC PRODUCTS

his bouncy administrative approach in sporting terms. "You must think I have a lot of rubber balls up in the air," he said, "but I have rubber bands attached to each one." Olds loves to give speeches. By all accounts, he is a spellbinder, although he has a weakness for alliteration. "Power is paradoxical," he began one of his several guest editorials in *The Saturday Review*. Generally, he is partial to the hard C. In one recent address, he set some sort of an alliterative record by proclaiming that he was going to hold forth on "the characteristics of our culture and campus, the contrasts and contradictions; the corrupting cues and the creativity of the coming campus."

During Olds's five years of leadership, Springfield has changed somewhat. The college now has a division of arts and sciences, in which students may major in such orthodox subjects as English, history and mathematics. Some faculty members fear that Springfield is in over its head competing with neighboring "potted ivy" schools in the liberal arts, but Olds believes that the division will not only "enrich" the curriculum for all students but help the college to get financial donations and grants.

On the average, the male undergraduates at Springfield are high school graduates drawn from the middle middle class. The girls are from perhaps a slightly higher social stratum. The prep school graduate is a rarity. (Linkletter, who had wanted to attend Springfield but never had the chance to do so, would like to persuade some wealthy youngsters to enroll. "They don't have to go to a so-called prestige college to obtain a fine education," he says.) Approximately 400 students are Catholics, and 100 are Jewish. Whatever their beliefs, they all live, as President Olds might put it, in happy harmony, brimming over with ideals and bountiful health. When a flu or mono epidemic ravages Amherst or Smith, Springfield students simply breathe deeper and do more exercises. To dramatize physical fitness they have run in relays to Boston—it took 10 hours and 58 minutes, but they would have made it four minutes faster had Governor Endicott Peabody, who was greeting them, been at the State House steps on time. The

last man ran around the block until the governor showed up.

The school is the home of the fervent handshake and the winning smile, and by custom every visitor is greeted with a resounding "Hi!" But the friendliness is genuine, and even the most cynical usually succumb. Graduate Instructor Conrad, for example, enrolled as a freshman at the advanced age of 25. He had been, among other things, a soldier of fortune and had put in a stint for the Brazilian government as a mercenary, shooting outlaws in the Amazon basin for \$800 a month base pay and a bonus of \$4 a head. "I came here with a naive, sophisticated attitude," he recalls, "but within two weeks they had drawn me into their circle. It was something I couldn't fight. It's an honor to be associated with these students. I am really sold on this place."

A few, of course, are not sold. An ex-sailor tells of entering Springfield on the G.I. Bill right after World War II. On his first night he suggested to his two roommates that they all go out for a beer. One declined on the grounds he had to work on basketball patterns in the gym, and the other said he was too busy squeezing a handball and exercising a trick knee. In a track course, the sailor and a friend, who was equally out of shape, had behind the stands for the first lap of the half-mile run. When the runners came around again, the two burst out of hiding and onto the track. "But even so," says the sailor, "we were lucky to finish one-two, and we were sprinting. The instructor didn't see us hide, but the other kids did. And yet not one of them said a word. If we wanted to act like that, it was our business. Their not saying anything made us feel all the worse for what we had done." After a year the sailor transferred to Wesleyan—he has since gone on to the greater glories of Madison Avenue—but he looks back on his Springfield days with a sense of loss. "They were the nicest people I ever met," he says. "I just wasn't dedicated enough. I couldn't take it. I felt like a born shirker. Besides, I was exhausted."

continued



EVEN TAPED TO A CLAY PIGEON AND BLASTED OUT OF THE AIR THE BENRUS WATCH KEEPS ITS WORLD-FAMOUS ACCURACY



Peter Kuhlhoff, Guns Editor of *Argosy Magazine*, ran an almost incredible series of torture tests on Benrus watches recently.

The amazing results proved that a *fine* watch can be an unbeatably *ragged* watch, too... for hard use, every day! Read what happened.

First, Mr. Kuhlhoff strapped the watches to a 12-gauge shotgun and blasted away until the kick finally jarred the watches loose. Then he strapped them to other guns, and fired over 100 shells, including maximum and 2½-inch magnum loads. The Benrus watches took the full impact of the recoil, throughout what Mr. Kuhlhoff described as "shocking punishment!"

Next, Mr. Kuhlhoff taped the Benrus ladies' watch to a clay pigeon and snapped it out of a spring-activated

Blue Rock trap. "No lady kiss," he said. Pigeon and watch flew 45 yards and smashed into the ground. Taped to the shattered pieces of the pigeon, the tiny Benrus ladies' watch was still running accurately. The test was repeated with a Benrus man's watch. "Both continue to keep excellent time," he reported.

"Then madness took over!" That's how Mr. Kuhlhoff described his next test. "I decided to tape one of the watches to a clay pigeon and blast it with a shotgun as it whizzed down-range from the trap. I fully expected the little watch to be ruined with the impact of the number 7½ pellets. But after the tremendous impact of the shot, the little Benrus was running *and its time-keeping quality hasn't changed a bit.*"

After shock or abuse, Benrus watches do *more* than keep on ticking—they go right on keeping amazingly accurate time. That's why the Benrus

movement has the extraordinary unconditional 3-year guarantee.

See your jeweler. He can show you the most beautiful—and durable—Benrus watches ever made. There are over 400 good-looking styles, ruggedly built for every occasion. Fine for personal use or to give as the finest watch gift. Prices start as low as \$25.

Guaranteed *unconditionally* for 3 full years (no "ifs," "ands," or "buts"). You be the sole judge of your Benrus' performance.

If you feel it is not performing properly, we will repair it, fast and free.

For a colorful brochure of watch styles, write: Benrus, Dept. SI-12, 50 W. 44th St., New York, N.Y. 10036.



BENRUS

NEW YORK · NEW HAVEN · WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT
45 CHAVRE DE FORDS, SWITZERLAND · TORONTO, CANADA

ROYALL LYME

IMPORTED
TOILET
LOTION
SUPREME



\$4.00
plus tax

EQUELLING

Centuries old technique created

...this invigorating lotion. Sweet oils hand-picked from plump fresh West Indian limes are blended with rare essences to a secret formula. The fragrance is delicate, the tang is invigorating... freshness for women, cologne and after shave for men. Bottled and hand-wrapped in the Islands. Sold in selected department stores and men's specialty shops. Also liver-shed Soap, 4 cakes \$3.00. 40% Cautions: Only one genuine... Beware of imitations.

ROYALL LYME LTD.
233 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17
Send \$1.00 for travel size lotion and cake of soap. Send from Bermuda.

A "REEL" SHARPENER



Aspheric surface of diamond Taperman's Reel... a sharpener's lifetime treasure. An exciting conversation piece... practical yet beautiful... will be found in any home or office. The electric-plated, gold-plated Sharpener is permanently mounted on a 1/2" x 1/2" base of full-grained American walnut. Completely portable... self-adjusting to size of pencil. Designed and created by R&E, the world's largest manufacturers of precision Penol Sharpeners. Full Five Year replacement guarantee on micro-bore hole cutter mechanism. Price includes presentation certificate with 3 engraved initials. Set Package. Specially priced for Xmas gift giving at only \$19.95 (postpaid). 35% discount on orders of 12 or more. Add 10% Fed. Tax. California residents add 4% State Tax. (Litho. not to be used)

R & E PRODUCTS, INC. Dept. 5-11
2725 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 38, Calif.

First National City Travelers Checks

OFFICIAL
TRAVELERS
CHECK



NEW YORK
WORLD'S FAIR
1964-65

Member F. O. C. I.



'swanderful!

SI for Christmas, of course



Games I instructs would-be grammar school teachers in the mysteries of magic-carpet.

SPIRIT, BODY *continued*

Don Croul, Springfield '61 and the admissions counselor, says, "Some people think that the students here are junior saints on their way to saving the world. Conrad and I are probably two of the greatest heretics in the joint—but we believe, too. I believe in the institution because it has done what it has said it does. Ten years after graduation 90% of the graduates are in the field they trained for."

"They go into vocations that pay very little," Conrad says. "Coaching, social service, teaching—these are areas that are not attractive unless you have a feeling for what you're doing."

Lighting a cigar ("A lot of us smoke"), Croul says, "Of course, there is the possibility that by virtue of our own idealistic approaches we may be sheltering our students from the realities of life, the things they will encounter in the world. But I think that fieldwork does a lot to overcome this." There is not a single welfare agency in the area that the students are not involved with. On Halloween, for example, the girls in an honorary society called White Key—there are no sororities or fraternities at Springfield—held a party for slum youngsters at a Salvation Army depot. The college is very proud of four graduates who

are working with the Bureau of Prisons of the U.S. Department of Justice on a program operated by Springfield College to rehabilitate younger offenders. "We have kids who come here and say, 'I want to be a boy scout leader,'" says George Wood, the school's able and frank director of information. "The atmosphere is just marvelous. I've been at American International College, Boston University and MIT, and in my book this college has the highest ideals of all. The students at MIT didn't have Springfield's whole-man attitude. Let's face it, this isn't the intellectual center that Cambridge is, what with MIT and Harvard, but the atmosphere here is a lot healthier in terms of human relations." "There's an openness and a trust here," says Chaplain Parsonage. "And it isn't corny," says Wood. "That's the miracle of Springfield College."

None of this is meant to imply that all Springfield students are absolutely perfect and that they collectively revel in goody-goodyism. Students are students, and some are bound to raise hell, no matter how lofty their sense of purpose. But Springfield feels it has fewer disciplinary problems than other colleges.

Fit and dedicated, 65% of all the boys at Springfield participate in some varsity

continued



Box yourself in.

The Volkswagens Station Wagon looks like a box because it's built like a box.

It lets you store the most possible stuff in the least possible space.

(The fact is, the VW carries more than the biggest regular wagons, even though it's 4 feet shorter.)

The VW's floor plan looks like any nice little room, except that it has 8 chairs, 21 windows, 5 doors and a high ceiling.

You can't see the engine because it's in the back, out of the way.

(If you aren't the curious type, you may never see the engine. No reason to. It rarely uses oil between changes. And it's air-cooled, so there's no water or antifreeze.)

But the real fun comes when you climb into the box and get behind the wheel.

Ahead of you, there's nothing but view; it's head and shoulders above other cars.

Behind you, there's nothing but space. It looks a mile long, but it's really only 9 inches longer than the Volkswagen Sedan. So you can park it like the Sedan.

And like the Sedan, you get a lot of extras: theater/delroster, 4-speed stick shift, etc.) at no extra cost.

We've put everything we could think of into it.

So will you.





15802—\$19.95
Also in brown

JARMEN SHOES

Fit with More Comfort

BECAUSE EVERY STYLE HAS BEEN "WEAR-TESTED"

Jarmen does not merely design shoes, manufacture them and offer them for sale. Every Jarmen style is first wear-tested for comfort. This means that the original model is actually worn under ordinary day-to-day conditions, is checked and adjusted and altered until, when finally approved for production, it has a wonderful "breakedness of fit" you just can't get in other shoes. See your Jarmen dealer for a wide selection of shoes for every occasion — all "wear-tested" to fit with more comfort.

REX-FLEX Construction — The handsome styles shown here feature Jarmen's famous Rex-Flex construction, with supple leather lining, full-length cushion insole, cushion heel and form-fitting flexibility. Top-grade calfskin upper.

Available at Jarmen dealers and Jarmen stores throughout the country.
Also Jarmen for boys. (Prices slightly higher in the West.)



15041—\$19.95
Also in brown

15816—\$17.95



JARMEN SHOE COMPANY • NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE • A DIVISION OF GORDONIAN CO.

athletics. Every physical-education major—slightly more than half the students are in this field—must take a grand total of 720 hours in skills and techniques courses, and non-physical majors are required to take at least 225 hours. A student who is not proficient or fails to do his best in these classes is not given a degree. Among the courses offered are Baseball, Softball, Football, Tap Dance, Archery, Lacrosse, Fencing, Tennis, Boating and Canoeing, Square Dance and Swimming. Track is divided into Track I and Track II, the latter with the emphasis on the techniques of the 16-pound hammer throw, the javelin, shotput, discus, pole vault, high hurdles, quarter mile and mile. Then there are Games I, II and III. Games I deals with games of low organization, such as ring-around-a-rosy, ball-puss, pig-in-the-hole, who-is-that-knocking-at-my-door, magic-carpet, old-mother-witch, have-you-seen-my-sheep? and fairies-and-brownies. "Don't laugh," says Don Crout. "We play *power* fairies-and-brownies. Besides, this is key stuff for elementary schools. And we play rough. There are guys who break legs playing ring-around-a-rosy." "This is the greatest college for crutches and Band-Aids that you ever saw," says a faculty wife.

In Games I, as in other skills and techniques courses, the emphasis is on teaching. A student will make believe that he is a teacher and the rest of the class is composed of first graders. Some of the routines that students have worked up are worthy of Bob Newhart. "All right, children," a student will say to the pseudo moppets, "we are going to play a game! The name of the game is ring-around-a-rosy. Now let's all form in a big circle. A circle is round, just like a big ball. Now let's join hands—no, with one another. Now put your left foot forward—not *that* left foot, the other one."

In Fundamentals of Rhythm, another skills and techniques course, it is not uncommon to see a 200-pound fullback cavorting on the greensward. (Fundamentals of Rhythm is known as "Fun-ses." Similarly, Recreation and Youth Leadership is called "Running, Yelling and Leaping.") Generally speaking,

Springfield students grow quite fond of games of low organization, and not long ago, when a number of them went off to a Y camp in Connecticut for a conference on values, they all joined in playing a gigantic game of ring-around-a-rosy.

At Springfield varsity athletics is not extracurricular but co-curricular. "I think," says Dr. Reuben (Jack) Frost, director of health, physical education and recreation, "that there is as much social adjustment taking place when two football players crack heads as when people are playing ring-around-a-rosy." Dr. Stentz, the director of athletics, says, "We regard athletics as co-curricular instead of extracurricular because we think sport is the finest laboratory there is for the education of the whole man. Here you have the mind, the body and the spirit all working together."

Ordinarily, varsity players at Springfield, to put it bluntly, have more will than skill. There is the exceptional star, but in the main, very few of them would make the Big Ten as tackles. The college tends to field a baseball team composed of players who are as knowledgeable as Casey Stengel when it comes to strategy but as inept as the Mets when it comes to play. But in sports where endurance counts, ah, then Springfield is tops. "Everyone is in shape," says Dr. Stentz with a smile, "and we win a lot of games on conditioning. The boys will exercise until the cows come home. They're dedicated. And they don't second-guess either, because they all want to be coaches themselves." For the past 13 years, the wrestling team has been the best in New England, and up until this season the cross-country team won 25 straight meets. The soccer team is almost always strong. Last year in basketball, Springfield was a respectable 20 and 6 and NCAA college-division runner-up in the Northeast. "We play a fast brand of basketball," says Stentz, "because our fellows are in such wonderful condition. This also allows us to have a very demanding and aggressive defense. You have to be in shape to play aggressive defense. Our conditioning shows up toward the end of a game. You often see another team that's ahead of us get bushed, and we catch up." A couple of years ago one of

continued

Starting December 31, 1963 "The New World Riviera" is only minutes away!

It will be waiting for you in Lucaya, on Grand Bahama Island, only 75 miles east of Palm Beach. The new Lucayan Beach Hotel, 400 luxuriously-appointed rooms, bars, suites and marina villas. Superb cuisine. Exciting entertainment. Championship Dick Wilson 18-hole golf course. Tennis. Sailing. And more. Will you be there?



Charles T. Cuddihy, Vice President & General Manager
For detailed brochure, write to:
The New World Riviera
P.O. Box 100, Lucaya, B.R. 11010
Palm Beach, Lucayan Beach Hotel Ltd.
P.O. Box 100, Lucaya, B.R. 11010
Tel. 364-7111 or 364-7112
Name: _____
Room: _____
Surfside 56, Fla. 33457-7329
Spend the winter in the sun
and the sea.

Perfect Gift... 1964

Bag Boy

WORLD'S FAVORITE GOLF CART

Product of JARMAN-WILLIAMSON CO.
601 N.E. 28th Ave., Portland, Oregon 97232

GREAT For GOLFERS...



The New 19-hole Eagle automatically returns all balls—hits and misses... Indefinite life, spinning "NO PEEK" ball... teaches putting like the pros without head or body movement. For prepaid shipment, send check or M.O. to:

BRANDOLL PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. 85 \$109.95
4011 N. Roswell Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60656

Dear Frustrated:

Got your desperate letter this morning. So you're sick of briefs that roll at the waist and bind at the legs and twist and chafe and strangle? So, next time, insist that the label say "Carter's". We knit our briefs of the finest cotton. We even cover the elastic waistband with this soft fabric, so that it stays flat and fitting without rolling over and twisting up. Oh, yes, we also include our famous Neva-vex supporter fly front. Look, for a buck and a quarter we'll make a new man of you. Goodbye, frustration! Hello, comfort!

Comfortingly,

Carter's



READ OUR LETTER TO THE EDITOR ON PAGE 5.
CARTER'S NO-BELT BRIEFS, WHITE \$1.35, PINK \$1.32, AN ELEGANT B.M. READ COMPANY • WASHINGTON, D.C. 20001

Who's the guy in the Ferrari?



...It's You!

How realistic can model road racing be? You'll know the second you grab the controls of a big, 1/32 scale racing machine, slam in the accelerator and fly down the straight-away. And when you meet the challenge of all-out competition...when you sample the skill it takes to be a winner...and when you're first across the finish line, you'll know the guy in the Ferrari was really you! See racing realism in 6 complete sets, 14 famous racing cars and scores of pit and track accessories at your Strombecker dealer today! Send \$1.99 for Table Top Topics 1pc. Dept. 50-12, Strombecker, 600 N. Pseudo Rd., Chicago 24, Illinois.



STROMBECKER

BRIGHT GIFT IDEA!



The **STROMBECKER** Combination Barometer is the ideal gift for the discerning man on your gift list. 5 1/2" x 3 1/2" rich solid mahogany case. 2 1/2" tissue cover for protection for each barometric pressure change. Also tells room temperature and humidity. Ask for a demonstration. \$95.01, \$25.00. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, New York and Toronto, Ontario.

A Taylor Instrument

First National City Travelers Checks

OFFICIAL
TRAVELERS
CHECK

NEW YORK
WORLD'S FAIR
1964-65
Member F.O.C.

Every fish has a leader.
In ski poles it's...
SCOTT-USA

San Valley Naho

SPIRIT, BODY

the players on the basketball team smoked on the sly. His teammates heard about it, and without telling Stietz they banished him from the squad.

At Springfield the coaching staffs are extra deep because graduate students serve as assistants. Helping coach this year's basketball team is Tony Scolnick, an M.A. candidate who majored in biology at Amherst, where he was a varsity basketball guard, No. 1 on the tennis team and an All-America in soccer. "When I was at Amherst," he says, "we had two games that we looked forward to—Williams and Springfield. You knew you would have a ball when you played Springfield. They played hard and they played fair. The people here know what they want to do. This is a very pleasant place. I was happy at Amherst, but in a different way."

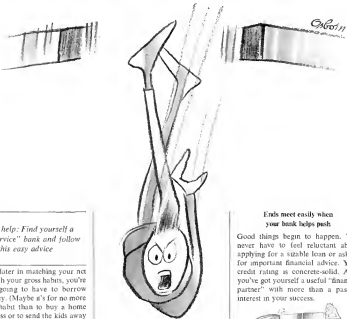
At varsity games Springfield students are most appreciative and polite. Any player who performs well, regardless of whether it is for Springfield or the opposing team, is applauded. But, on occasion, the student preoccupation with technique can baffle an onlooker. Chaplain Parsonage, who came to Springfield two years ago, was puzzled when he saw his first basketball game. "I had heard about the Springfield spirit," he says, "but I was unnerved to see so many students and no one cheering. Then I saw they had pencils and were taking notes."

The most famous of all the groups at the college, however, is the gymnastics exhibition team, composed of 40 boys and girls who tour the eastern seaboard from the late fall to spring. At the climax of the show 10 of the boys, wearing gold paint, enact tableaux with a sporting theme. The subject of this year's Living Statuary is the 1964 Olympics.

Another group of Springfield students, the Hosaga Tribe, raises money for a scholarship fund by putting on shows. Students who are members of Hosaga make their own authentic Indian costumes and, like the Living Statuary troupe, they make the circuit before turn-away crowds. Late in March they set up 10 tepees in the Memorial Field House and put on a 2 1/2-hour show. The Indian theme is a big one at Springfield. The principal totem in student rituals is

continued

Just when you get both ends to meet, does somebody move the ends?



Here's help: Find yourself a "Full Service" bank and follow this easy advice

Sooner or later in matching your net income with your gross habits, you're probably going to have to borrow some money. (Maybe it's for no more "gross" a habit than to buy a home or a business or to send the kids away to school.) Fine. You're in good company. All but the wealthiest families have to borrow more in a lifetime than they're able to save.

Not to get personal, but who knows you well enough to lend you that kind of money without embarrassment and at a low rate of interest? A pertinent question. The answer is easy.



"Full Service" banks traditionally lend money at low interest rates—money for almost anything you can imagine. But since they'd prefer to lend it to regular customers, the trick is to convince them that you are. There is a simple 3-step plan that seldom fails if it's started early.

Do-it-yourself plan for staying solvent

1. If you haven't already, pick a nearby "Full Service" bank and give it all your banking business. This includes things you find around the house like checking accounts and savings accounts and suchlike.
2. Get to know one of the bankers by name. He, in turn, wants to know you and will gladly help determine how you stand financially. (Don't worry if you don't stand too tall at the moment—that's one of the things he's going to help you with.)
3. From time to time, take out one of the bank's easy low-cost loans instead of "borrowing" the money from your savings account. Pay the loan back—exactly as promised. (This act, repeated a few times, delights bankers.)

Ends meet easily when your bank helps push

Good things begin to happen. You never have to feel reluctant about applying for a sizable loan or asking for important financial advice. Your credit rating is concrete-solid. And, you've got yourself a useful "financial partner" with more than a passing interest in your success.



Oh, you'll still have a bill or two each month; everyone does. But you now have a good way to cope with the major family purchases. Your "ends" are a lot closer and you have the satisfaction of knowing that you've done something tangible for your family's financial future. Need we say, the race is to the swift?



**Your Full Service
Commercial Bank**

"Full Service" banks are financial "department stores" empowered by law to offer checking and savings accounts, loans, and every other banking service. There are thousands of these banks and one near you.



What makes a good gun dog great?

Breeding and training are essential, of course. But it takes special care for the best dog to deliver the best that's in him... all the characteristics you chose him for.

With a pure-bred dog, the results are most evident and predictable when you choose the food that helps make him all the dog he's meant to be. And there is a difference in dog foods.

This is why professional breeders feed and recommend Ken-L Biskit. It's more than just a complete diet. It's concentrated; so, cup for cup, you feed less. And, because it's oven-roasted for extra flavor and digestibility, your dog gets full satisfaction without overeating.

These are important reasons why Ken-L Biskit is the official food at more American Kennel Club shows than all other dog foods combined.

Dog Food of Champions

Small bits for puppies
.....
Medium for larger dogs



HELP MAKE HIM ALL THE
DOG HE'S MEANT TO BE



Christmas
give a

jon-e warmer

the warmest gift you can give!

Like a portable radiator, it keeps you warm outdoors. Heats without flame. Lights cigarettes, too. Made of chrome-plated steel to last a lifetime. Comes with a carrying bag.

Standard size heats all day on 1 oz. of fuel, only \$2.95. Giant size heats for 2 days per filling, only \$4.95. Jarre Fluid, 8 oz. can 49c, 16 oz. can 79c.

AT ALL SPORTING GOODS COUNTERS

MADE ONLY IN AMERICA • ALADDIN LABORATORIES, INC., 620 SO. 5th ST., MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

SPIRIT, BODY *continued*

Chief Massasoit, the Indian who extended friendship to the Pilgrims. Alas, in recent years Massasoit has been played down. For 13 years Professor Charles F. Weckwerth, as both a student and faculty member, appeared at a senior class ceremony dressed up as the chief. The seniors last saw Massasoit as freshmen, and the chief would say, "Much earth have the brooks washed into the valleys in this time. These years, have they taught you the art of living? Can you face what other men shun? Can you wield thy power in humble service and though mighty, stoop to help the weak? Can you stand alone when all men stand against you?" To which the senior class president would respond, "Oh, Massasoit, we still have the driving force of youth." The ceremony was given up when some of the trustees became concerned about the apparent glorification of a non-Christian aborigine. Similarly, the college did away with worship in the Cathedral of Living Trees, which is located in an 86-acre campsite adjacent to the campus, because there were murmurings about paganism.

Research at Springfield naturally centers on sports and physical fitness. Perhaps the most famous faculty member at Springfield is Dr. Peter Karpovich, the Russian-born physiologist. He retired two years ago but still maintains a laboratory on the campus. Fashioning all sorts of precision instruments out of knickknacks that came to hand (he dubbed his lab the "Kresge Scientific Company" because he got so much of the stuff from the dime store), Karpovich has upset any number of old wives' tales about sports. Among these was the notion that an athlete should not drink milk before an event, that vitamins stimulate performance and that weight lifters are muscle-bound (SI, Feb. 11, 1957). Dr. Karpovich is now working on some unathletic projects, but Dr. Clayton Shay, a professor of physical education, is doing work on fitness, using Springfield students as subjects. "What we're attempting," Shay says, "is to ascertain how fitness fits into the picture of a successful or unsuccessful college student."

continued



Please rush Race-O-Matic—
they are great Christmas
gifts for my racing friends.

Race-O-Matic with Factor Selector ONLY
A single handwriting method \$4.95 pp.
RACE-O-MATIC • BOX 3601 • TULSA, OKLA.

First National City Travelers Checks

OFFICIAL
TRAVELERS
CHECK



NEW YORK
WORLD'S FAIR
1964-65

Member F.O.I.C.

Banking Company of New York and City, Inc. Member FDIC



Now that Renault is automatic, how do you get a stick shift?



Go to your dealer and say, "I want a stick-shift Renault." He'll probably try to sell you on the automatic anyway (he's that excited about it). He'll start off by telling you that the pushbutton model has an electronic control unit that works the gears for you. Then he'll hint at the fun you can have watching the drivers of other little cars shifting like mad in heavy traffic. He'll end his little speech with a few words on 4-wheel disc brakes, bucket seats and shocking economy (35 to 40 miles on a gallon of gas is not unusual). After that, it'll be up to you. Want to test drive an automatic? Great! We'll be glad to give you a drive. Still insist on shifting for yourself? Say it. Be strong. Say "I want a stick shift Renault." You'll get it. For overseas delivery, see your Renault dealer or write Renault, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

RENAULT 



More
outstanding
photography
is done with Nikon
because more outstanding
photographers
are Nikon users.

NIKON F world's finest '35'. See your camera dealer, or write Dept. S1-12N

NIKON INC. 111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 3, N.Y. Subsidiary of Ehrenrich Photo-Optical Industries Inc.

If you're a
Football
Buff...



**FOTO-ELECTRIC
FOOTBALL**
is your game!

Real Football at its Best! All the Strategy, Action, Suspense of top Professional Play... Spectacular Viewer shows every Play in motion, with results the same as in real Football.

A Time-Tested Favorite!

At Your Dealer \$7.00

CADACO-ELLIS, INC. Chicago 54

First National City Travelers Checks

OFFICIAL
TRAVELERS
CHECK



NEW YORK
WORLD'S FAIR
1964-65
Member F.O.I.C.

NEW **FALCON**
CLASSIC



WORLD'S COOLEST,
LIGHTEST.

DRIEST
PIPE

... NOW IN 32 NEW STYLES!

Newer smokes hot—always bone dry. A new Classic stems, 8 new Classic bowls—32 combinations. See them at your favorite store—Bowls \$2.75, Stems \$2.20, Complete Falcon Classic Pipe \$4.95.

FREE—Pipe Smokers Handbook with helpful tips on pipe care. Write today
FALCON INTERNATIONAL, INC. • Chicago 18, 60640

Hundreds of thousands of Americans are completing their high school education or obtaining vocational and technical training through correspondence courses. Another service of Business Mail.

SPIRIT, BODY continued

We're trying to build a test to predict a student's potential. We have some indication that college students who rank low in fitness tests are those who also flunk out."

In the past four years the fitness of Springfield students has been rising. As measured against a "norm" of 100 on the Rogers Physical Fitness Index, freshmen in 1960 averaged 96.7, those in 1961, 96.8; 1962, 103, and 1963, 104.5. "We have very few endomorphs," says Shay with satisfaction. "Most students are mesomorphic with an ectomorphic tendency." Shay and his colleagues have also found that fitness is on the rise elsewhere. "We were down in Connecticut testing elementary schools," he says, "and we gave the Kirchner test. One part involves doing push-ups from a chair, and one youth did them exceptionally well. 'Boy,' I said to him, 'you're really fit, aren't you?' And he said, 'Before I get any dessert I have to do at least 20.' It's a family process. Some parents make their children exercise before they can watch television. In Longmeadow, a well-to-do suburb just south of here, there's a 20-mile-a-week bicycle club. In Wethersfield, just outside Hartford, anyone who scores under 100 in the Rogers test has to stay after school. People are really cognizant of fitness. It's a slow process, but it's gaining."

Unfortunately, Springfield has a major problem of its own, keeping financially fit. Inasmuch as the students seek a life of service, the alumni simply do not have ample funds to give. The endowment is only \$2.5 million, and the college is hard put to make improvements. "The man who gives \$100,000 to MIT for a better test tube doesn't know that here we're attempting to make the better man, to educate the student who is going to try to stop juvenile delinquency, to teach the boy who is going to coach at East Jarnoke," says George Wood. "These are the things we're trying to do. We want to produce the better teacher, the better social worker, the better coach. As Dr. Olds says, and I think he's right, we in this country know how to send a rocket to the moon but we don't know for sure how to get the man out of the boy."

END

A Simple Way to Improve at Any Sport

by PARKE CUMMINGS

I never saw a man who gets more fun out of sports participation than Tim Kellogg. The thing is that Tim is always improving. This would not be so surprising if he were a lean kid of 17 or 18. But Tim Kellogg is 64. What is more, while he is in pretty good shape for that age, I have seen men who are in better. The answer is that Tim has hit on a ridiculously simple system for improving, a sort of Kellogg Plan for Improvement that we all might follow.

I first met Tim about 20 years ago, when he would have been in his early 40s, of course. A varsity track star, he had taken up tennis after he got out of college, and he soon became good enough to win our state championship. He then kept on winning it, interminably, over nearly two decades.

But two or three years after I met him Tim got beaten in the semifinals. "I'll bet I blew at least 20 overheads that I could have creamed a few years ago!" he fumed bitterly. Tim was absolutely right; he could have. "Let's face it," he added. "I'm over the hill."

I gave no more thought to this at the time. It seemed about time for Tim to be over the tennis hill. To tell the truth, I was relieved. I had gotten a little tired of listening to him recount his successes. A couple of weeks later I ran into him at the country club and learned that he had quit playing tennis completely and was taking up golf.

"How's it going?" I asked him. Tim made a wry face. "You just couldn't believe it," he said. "I'm incredibly putrid at golf. Yesterday I finally managed to get through 18 holes on the course for the first time. It took me practically all day. Do you know what my score was?—144! Can you imagine anything so dreadful?"

Wondering why anybody would voluntarily come out with an admission of ineptitude like that, I shook my head. Later I was to find out why.

Several weeks passed before I encour-

tered Tim again. He seemed suspiciously happy. "You wouldn't imagine how I've improved!" he announced proudly. "I shot a 110 the other day!"

In view of the fact that Tim has natural athletic ability and puts a lot into everything he does, this did not surprise me in the least. Nor did it surprise me that within a year after taking up the game he was shooting in the middle 80s. After all, this was a familiar pattern involving two of our most popular participating sports. Thousands of tennis players have abandoned the game in favor of golf which, whatever its difficulties, is admittedly less strenuous.

Actually it was not for a couple of years or so—this meant that Tim was pushing 50—that I found out that his pattern was not the familiar one at all. We were at a party together, and I asked how his golf game was.

Tim scowled. "Gave it up six months ago," he said. "I got to a certain point, and then I came to a standstill. I just couldn't get under 85, no matter what I did. In fact, on the average, my scores were starting to get higher again. So I faced up to it. Where golf was concerned I was on the skids."

"Well," I said. "That's too bad. But I hope you're not giving up exercise altogether. That's a mistake for someone who's always been active like you. I mean you could try croquet or—"

"I have recently taken up squash," Tim interrupted.

I stared at him in amazement. "At your age!" I exclaimed. "Squash is murder for just about anybody over 25. Switching from tennis to golf—that makes sense. But switching from golf to squash—that's absolutely ridiculous!"

"Well," said Tim, "of course I'm never going to win any championships at my age, but you'd be amazed at the progress I've made already. At first I knocked just about every ball into the tin. I was the most pathetic squash player you ever saw. Bill Jason could trim me 15 0 ever

(continued)

Model 403
100% Wool Rail
Water Repellent
Stain-resistant
Price: \$34.50



The SPINNAKER Jacket

The masters' touch of line styling and the comfortable wool protection of highest quality wool, treated for water repellency and stain resistance, make this Spinnaker Jacket a favorite all-purpose companion. Button front . . . lined elastic bottom . . . chest pockets . . . adjustable cuffs. • Colors: Berk Ton Blue Navy Scarlet. • Sizes: Small/Medium Large Extra Large

The Spinnaker Sport
Spectacular Favorite
for quarters of a century



At your favorite dealer, or write to:
C. C. VALENTINE & CO., INC.
212 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



but in any event be sure to include SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in your plans. For a gift of \$1 can make the season (and the whole year) especially gay for many of the people on your list . . . and can make your Holidays more fun, too. All you need do is send us the names and addresses of your friends . . . tell us how to sign the gift cards. We'll start each subscription with SI's special Holiday Issue . . . and, if you wish, bill you after Christmas (\$7 for one subscription, \$6 each when you order two, only \$5 each for three or more).

Sports Illustrated 540 N. Michigan Ave. (Chicago, IL 60611)

Superb Quality



KENTUCKY GENTLEMAN

Kentucky Straight Bourbon • Distilled & Bottled by Baxter Distilling Co., Bardonia, New York Co., Ky. • Available at 85 • 90 • 100 proof

For friends who have everything...



Give a
golf course
for
Christmas!



Billy Cosper's
Exciting
NEW
9-hole
GOLF
GAME!

DINKY-LINKS
©1982 Dynalco, Inc.
Denver, Colorado

Great gift for all ages—even yourself! Play golf, Tiddlywink-style, on your own 9-hole course with all the thrill and skill of an actual round. Plenty of action for up to 4 players or teams on 21" x 42" 3-dimensional dressed kelly-green felt course... sand traps, water hazards, trees, plus hand-capped score cards. Hand-crafted quality...years of fun for all the family!

\$19.95 now at better department
and sporting goods stores

Or
WRITE:



dynamics, Ltd. 128 Del Mar Circle
Aurora 8, Colorado

A Way to Improve *continued*

game without even taking off his sweater. But last Saturday he only took me 15-7, 15-5. He says it's amazing how I'm improving. And he's not the only one. Charley Thomas and Brad—"

It was at this precise moment that, for the first time, I clearly perceived the pattern Tim was following: when he found he was over the hill at a sport, he gave it up instantly—even though he was still able to beat some people at it. He quit putting himself into the position of having to say to himself, "I used to be able to do this much better."

Under the Kellogg plan, when that happens you immediately take up something new. Whether it is more or less strenuous than the sport you have abandoned has nothing to do with it. The only rule is: try something you have never tried before. It does not matter whether it is wrestling, horseshoe pitching or shuffleboard. If you have never tried it before, the only way you can go is up. Up to a certain point you are bound to improve. And when you reach that point—well, there is always something else.

Skating at 64

The current something else in Tim's 64th year is skiing. "The first time—two months ago—was ludicrous," he told me recently. "I was just on a practice slope for kiddies, but even so I was either falling down or getting tangled up."

"But you should see me now. Oh, don't get me wrong. I don't expect to win any championships, not at my age, but I'm picking up things all the time. The pro says he doesn't see why I can't improve for at least another couple of years before I level off, and then..."

And then? I can imagine Tim at 80. The rest of his old sports pals will either be dead or lamenting their long-lost skills. Not Tim. His voice will be a childish treble, but it will still be audible. I can hear him now:

"Well, I'm never going to make the Olympic team, but this decathlon business is fun. My improvement is sensational. Take the high jump. One foot 11 inches was the best I could do when I started jumping last month. I'm already up to two feet seven, and my coach says there is no reason why I can't hit three feet pretty soon if my arthritis doesn't act up. And the 100-meter dash. I admit 48.7 seconds might sound a little slow, but when you consider I couldn't break a minute a month ago..."

ENO

How will you stay in shape this Winter?

When the cold winds start to blow, most of us put away the tennis rackets, fishing tackle and golf clubs till next Spring.

But just doing crossword puzzles is no way to stay in shape till the fair-ways are green again.

Especially when that Winter inactivity is topped off with Christmas Dinner and holiday parties. Before you know it, extra pounds have appeared. But you can plan right now to keep those pounds away.

Exercise? Sure. Occasional walks, some bowling sessions, and your morning setups can all help to keep you fit. But to really do something about your weight, you need a simple, safe, practical way to lose weight without going hungry: Metrecal.[®]

Some mornings have Metrecal Liquid for breakfast. Then, spend a pleasant lunch hour with Bridge and Metrecal. Get three of your friends to stay in the office at lunch time and enjoy new-taste Metrecal Spice Wafers with black coffee and a rubber or so of Bridge. Or, if you go out to lunch—and it turns into a long, high-calorie one—have one of the Metrecal hot soups for dinner.

Sound simple? It is. Every 225 calorie meal of Metrecal dietary you enjoy in place of your usual meals will help you control your weight and stay in shape.

Be sure you're in shape when tee-off time comes next Spring. All it takes is a little bit of will power... and Metrecal.

*Metrecal is a registered trademark for a dietary for weight control.

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

TALL, DARK MAN

Sirs:

Gill Rogin's piece on Bill Russell ("We Are Grown Men Playing a Child's Game," Nov. 18) is one of the most laudable examples of sports journalism I've ever read. Russell's views on the race problem are not new—yet, as one reads, they take on a stature and importance worthy of a Martin Luther King.

Thank you for telling us about a man so tall in every way that he can look out over the scene with a clear, uncomplicated view.

EDMUND W. BERNBERG

Detroit

Sirs:

I was deeply impressed by Bill Russell's human stature, but I think he was unduly self-critical. The pursuit of excellence in any field is a strong contribution to society. The American mores under which Mr. Russell lives have made him a national hero, and the example he sets is subject to public attention and, therefore, is a source of education, both for his race and for the youth of America. Because of his excellence at a "child's game," Mr. Russell not only gives pleasure (a significant contribution in itself), but commands the loyalty and enthusiasm of his fellowman.

Mr. Russell criticizes himself for not contributing, while he speaks of going to Liberia. His desires are within "the acceptable standards," but is Liberia the place to achieve them? He may not view himself as a leader, but at this period in history he has the opportunity and perhaps the responsibility to become one right here.

MALCOLM FARMER III

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Bill Russell's reason for liking Liberia leads him into serious error: "I found a place I was welcome because I was black." If either Bill Russell or I were to hear a white man say, "I found a place where I was welcome because I was white," we would surely think the white man a bigot.

Nevertheless, I agree with Russell's list of athletes to admire: Ted Williams, Jackie Robinson and Sonny Liston. I would like to add one more: Bill Russell.

LAWRENCE FLOYD

Panorama City, Calif.

Sirs:

Too many of us regard athletes as merely tools for man's entertainment, and it is refreshing to hear an intelligent, articulate sportsman destroy this myth. Bill Russell,

a man obviously in a state of rebellion, gave me a view of sports I had never been exposed to before, and I admire him as an outspoken, honest athlete with a clarity of perception that many Americans lack.

TONY KORNBREK

Lynbrook, N.Y.

Sirs:

Mr. Russell is unhappy over being a basketball player because of his nonexistent contribution to society. I would like to offer an opinion to Mr. Russell concerning such contributions.

The players in the NBA, the NFL and all sports and entertainment fields contribute relaxation and enjoyment to many millions of people at varying degrees of personal discomfort to the performer. Due to the nature of professional basketball, it has, most probably, the highest degree of strain on a performer. To be able to make thousands of people happy (or unhappy) because of his brilliant performances (coupled with extreme self-sacrifice) over the years, seems to be a contribution of which very few people will boast during a lifetime.

If Mr. Russell remains unhappy over his contribution to society, upon the next visit to Cincinnati he should make it a point to visit a person who contributed a wealth of happiness to basketball fans all over the country, Maurice Stokes, who has been lying paralyzed in a hospital for more than five years. After his visit with Big Mo, Bill can then seek out the nearest chapel, get down on his knees and thank God for his existence as a healthy American man.

JAY SCHLESINGER

Cincinnati

FISH TUSH

Sirs:

One of your editors, either benignly or pompously, awarded NBC one long locomotive for canceling its coverage of the Blue-Gray football game in Montgomery, Ala. because Negroes will not be allowed to play. I just as benignly, or just as pompously, will award an *SPRITS ILLUSTRATED* stinking dead mackerel.

JOHN E. SCORBY

Nashville

THE NOISY SPRING

Sirs:

Your article on pesticides is ridiculous and irresponsible (*The Life-Saving Sprays*, Nov. 18). To say that pesticides and aerial spraying "have helped produce the nation's healthiest wildlife crop in many decades" is preposterous. I had been under the impres-

sion that



STIRLING MOSS RETURNS TO RACING! (on a somewhat smaller scale)

England's great champion may have abandoned Grand Prix competition, but he still drives fast. True, his cars now have shorter wheelbases—they're only 2 inches long—and certainly nobody would mistake a table top for LeMans. But the excitement's almost the same, and even Sunday drivers qualify. Try it the next time you're stumped for a party idea. Try it this New Year's Eve. Everything is sure to run smooth-

ly if the set is Model Motoring, with cars powered by super-dependable Thunderjet 500 motors. No den or rec room is complete without a Model Motoring set, and of course, if there's a young man on your gift list, this is what he must have for Christmas. Gentlemen—start your engines!

6 complete sets . . . one to fit every gift budget . . . at all hobby shops, toy, variety and dep't stores.



AURORA PLASTICS CORP. □ WEST HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.

sellers of the world's largest collection of scale model hobby kits & hobby products

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10020.

TIME Inc. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM, HOME & HOME and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of TIME and LIFE. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Bernstein; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stebbins; President, James A. Lantry; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brunsheugh; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice President, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Backhaus, R. M. Buckley, Jerome S. Hardy, C. D. Jackson, Arthur R. Murphy Jr., Ralph D. Paine Jr., P. J. Presson, Weston C. Pullin Jr.; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles E. Gleson Jr.; Assistant Treasurer, W. G. Davis; Assistant Treasurer, Evan S. Jaglio; Assistant Treasurer, Richard B. McKenagh.

Sports Illustrated

Please include a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED label to insure prompt service whenever you write about your subscription.

MAIL TO:
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
540 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611,
Charles A. Adams, Gen'l Mgr.

TO SUBSCRIBE:
mail this form with your payment,
check or:

☐ new subscription, ☐ renew my subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr \$7.99.
All other subscriptions, 1 yr \$8.00.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS attach label here

If you're moving, please let us know. The label below changing your address. Please magazine address label here. Print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zipcode _____

18TH HOLE continued

sion that pesticides were poisonous; now it seems I am so believe they are an elixir for the wildlife population.

Rachel Carson in *Silent Spring* provided a valuable service to mankind with her warning about the dangers of the poisons. But her warning really extends beyond the deaths of a few animals. Her real warning is that man, in his headlong rush of progress, is contaminating the natural environment, and the process may not be reversible. The long-range effect of these poisons is not known, and in spite of the "richest, most varied bug in years," continued tampering with the ecological balance can only be disastrous.

A. C. ALLEN

Fairfax, Calif.

Sirs:

Virginia Kraft has written not only an admirable commentary, but also the truth about animals and man both being doomed victims of pesticides. It is about time that more research into the dangers of pesticides was done, and that the public supported the drive for a safer handling from the factory to the user of the deadly poisons. For it is, I believe, careless users who do not take the time or trouble to read the labels that the factories have put on pesticides who cause the real damage.

I must admit that when I first read Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* I was against it, but she put shock power into her work, and now it is up to the people to use pesticides "with care" to keep the spring always noisy.

DAVID SHIRLEY

Arlington, Va.

Sirs:

The biases that caused Virginia Kraft to debunk the alarm about the use of chemical pesticides are problems for a sociologist. But the "science" that she and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* use to arrive at the conclusion that "wildlife populations all over the nation are bigger and healthier than ever, not in spite of pesticides, but in many cases because of them" merits brief analysis.

It will have occurred to most readers that there are at least three factors involved in any formula to evaluate higher returns from the hunt: 1) there may be more game, 2) hunters may be more numerous and/or more persistent, 3) weather and other environmental conditions may combine with the same or a longer open season to facilitate the hunt.

Miss Kraft does not give her readers one iota of evidence that wildlife populations are indeed bigger or healthier. The increase of deer herds is a phenomenon of at least a half century's duration and is related to timber-cutting cycles and farm abandonment, with consequent increases in available browse. Many of these deer, like so much

other game everywhere, carry residues of DDT and epoxides of heptachlor, and many biologists agree with Interior Secretary Udall that the public health services should view this problem more seriously instead of assuring us that, because only a few people eat game only part of the time, insecticide residues in wildlife are not a problem. Readers who care to know what "Audubon spokesmen" really think about this problem are invited to write to us at 1130 Fifth Avenue, New York 28.

ROLAND C. CLEMENT

Staff Biologist

National Audubon Society

New York City

Sirs:

It is indeed refreshing to find someone who will take an attitude toward *Silent Spring* that is other than wholehearted approval.

Eminent biologists thought the same may be, Rachel Carson has done a major disservice to her fellow Americans. Regardless of her motives, it has been most unfortunate that her one-sided opinion about what insecticides and pesticides might do has been accepted by so many as fact. Her continued insistence that she is correct, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, has put her even lower in the eyes of many.

Some of us who see hundreds of deer starve to death every winter because there are more deer than there is food to feed them, or the myriad of game that becomes more abundant every year, find it rather hard to believe that the American outdoors is doomed to extinction by careful pesticide use to control nuisances.

Mr. Udall might also ponder the relative amount of grain and crops destroyed by varmints and insects in this country and the Soviet Union—and compare the numbers with the relative amounts of pesticides and insecticides used in each country. Such control is one reason why 8% of the American population can feed 100% of the Americans—whereas 45% of the Soviet population is engaged in agriculture.

Let's see more facts—and less of Miss Carson.

DAVID R. GRAHAM

University of Rochester Medical
Center

Rochester

CHARTER MEMBER

Sirs:

As a charter member of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and a true sports fan, I sent my buck to the U.S. Olympic Association as suggested by S. Wells, 19TH HOLE, Nov. 18. I hope the rest of your readers all do the same.

CAPTAIN F. N. HOWE, USN (ret.)

Virginia Beach, Va.

● The address is still: U.S. Olympic Association, 57 Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.—ED.



Kodol

it's vital for whiteness that lasts

Starts whiter and stays whiter than any other polyester: Kodol. It's vital. The lasting whiteness is built right into the fiber...won't wash-in-wear-away! Dura-White™ shirts in a selection of Kodol polyester and cotton fabrics. \$5.95 and \$6.95. By **MANHATTAN®**

COUNT ON KODOL...MEMBER OF THE EASTMAN KODAK FAMILY
Eastman Chemical Products, Inc., 260 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Kodol is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or shirts

a certified fabric with

KODOL

POLYESTER FIBER

KODOL



**HOW TO SAY
"MERRY CHRISTMAS"
IN SCOTCH:
"BLACK & WHITE"**

THE
SCOTCH
WITH
CHARACTER

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86'S PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N.Y.C. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS